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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is setting from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out;
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses, as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper, low, "No go!"
Now pass, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers walking, grumble, "drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.

Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy nilly;
But scare-maid, in a nightmare rest, chest press'd,
Dreameth of cash of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's banns
And his from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

CAPTAIN PAGE'S LA PLATA.*

On the 3d day of February, 1852, General Urquiza, Governor of the States of Entre Rios and Corrientes, Argentine Confederation, encountered on the field of Montes Caseros, fifteen miles from Buenos Ayres, the dictator Rosas. In the sanguinary contest that ensued, the *gaucho* oppressor was overthrown, and Urquiza rode at the head of his victorious horsemen into the enfranchised city. A British sloop-of-war bore away the vanquished Rosas and his celebrated daughter to the hospitable shores of England, and for a little while Urquiza was the idol of Buenos Ayres. On the 3d of October, 1852, however, he confirmed a blow (previously levelled at the interests of the arrogant seaport) which, while it was dictated by the soundest policy for the remaining thirteen States, and was in accordance with the interests of the entire commercial world, precipitated his expulsion from the capital, and the withdrawal of Buenos Ayres from the confederation. His celebrated decree, opening the Argentine rivers, up to that time jealously blockaded by the dictator Rosas, to navigation by vessels of every flag, gave an impetus to the Argentinian port of Rosario on the Paraná, that has proved most prejudicial to the commercial interests of Buenos Ayres, hitherto sole seaport for all the fourteen States, and it also introduced the stars and stripes, borne, too, by a national vessel, to the very heart of South America.

Our Government, at the instance of a Scientific Society, took immediate advantage of Urquiza's decree. It opened, indeed, a field that may almost be called illimitable, to our commercial interests. The barbarous restrictions which closed the Paraná to foreign vessels having once been overturned, a highway two thousand miles in length, extending through territories of incalculable wealth, through the wondrous pastures of the the lower Argentinian States, communicating with the rich mineral regions of the *arribeño* or upper provinces, skirting the indefinite coast of that mysterious, affluent, productive, yet neglected republic, Paraguay, and permeating the interior of Brasil and Bolivia, where gold, and silver, and precious stones, are the prodigal productions of a virgin soil, was offered to navigation. We knew something of all these countries before, as we now know something of Manchuria and Japan; but our information was crude, contradictory, and untrustworthy, as that which we possess of those Asiatic lands. For the purpose of obtaining more accurate geographical details, an expedition sailed from Norfolk, Va., in February, 1853, fitted out, as already stated, by the Government. The United States steamer *Water Witch*, 400 tons burden, and drawing nine feet of water, under the command of Lieut. Thomas T. Page, was detailed for the exploration of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay, as well as for observation of the adaptability of the neighboring regions to commerce and agriculture. The thick octavo volume just published, is the result of this voyage. So, unfortunately, is also, in a great measure, the costly and foolish "war" in which we are now engaged with Paraguay.

The *Water Witch*, having touched at Rio de Janeiro, where her commander obtained permission to ascend the Paraguay into Brasil as far as Albequerque, entered the Plata, and anchored at Buenos Ayres. The commencement of her task was yet to come. There rise at the Southern slope of the great central mountain ranges of Brasil, a number of insignificant streams. Part of these coalesce to form the Paraguay, which runs almost due South for about one thousand miles, until it is met by the Paraná. This river, rising in close proximity to the Paraguay, pursues a circuitous southerly and northwesterly course to the point of juncture in S. lat. 27°39'. From this point the united streams, henceforward known as the river Paraná, flow for 800 miles to join the Uruguay, forming together the sea-like estuary known as the Rio de la Plata; and these rivers, with their affluents, Lieut. Page was about to ascend.

With the good will of General Urquiza, who was entertained and visited by the commander of the expedition, the *Water Witch* commenced her ascent of the Paraná on the 1st of September, 1853. With a few scientific works and appliances, some materials for preserving specimens in natural history, and one or two supernumerary officers on board, the cruise was begun. It was a mistake, undoubtedly, to confide a scientific expedition of this nature to mere practical seamen, whose lack of other than nautical knowledge is admitted by the head of the expedition; and we have undoubtedly missed many valuable additions to our acquaintance with the natural resources and physical peculiarities of the vast regions visited, through the lack of some scientific attachés; but much that is new and valuable has nevertheless accrued from the voyage. Our limits permit us only to give the outline of the explorations. Seven hundred and fifty miles of steaming brought the *Water Witch* to Corrientes, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, on the left bank of the Paraná. Stoppages had been made at various points on either bank, and astronomical observations were noted at every important spot. Twenty miles above Corrientes the junction of the Paraná and Paraguay is reached; and after a stay of three days in the pleasant little city, Lieut. Page continued his voyage to this point, passing which, he left behind him the Argentine Confederation, and skirted the coast of Paraguay. For 700 miles the left bank of the river is indisputably possessed by the inland republic of that name, while the right bank, though also claimed by the same power, is disputed, as a possession of the Argentine Republic. For many hundreds of miles, however, the right bank has no civilised inhabitants; a wilderness of luxuriant vegetation, inhabited by tribes of roving Indians, and entitled the Gran Chaco, or great desert, extends over nearly ten degrees of latitude, and for a long distance inland from the river. The Gran Chaco is permeated by several noble and navigable streams—the Vermejo, the Pilcomayo, the Salado, and others—falling into the Paraguay and Paraná; and Lieut. Page's instructions covered the exploration of all these. At the outset, however, the Paraguay claimed his attention; and accordingly, ascending its current, he proceeded to Asuncion, the capital of the Republic. Received with courtesy and liberality by President Lopez, who had already extended many privileges to an American trading company established on the spot, Lieut. Page spent a month in profitable observation of the charming though secluded city, and its environs. The river at this point was found to be 606 yards in width. There is sufficient depth at all times of the year for river steamers of the largest class to ascend thus far, and the banks, says Lieut. Page, "are wooded with fine timber throughout, save at limited sections subject to inundation. Much of this wood is valuable for building and ornamental purposes, and also as fuel for steamers, and the waters contain a great variety of excellent fish."

Some persuasion was required before President Lopez granted permission to ascend the river beyond Asuncion, as the astute Paraguayan was evidently apprehensive lest his grasping neighbor, Brazil, should insist on similar privileges, and a fleet of Imperial war steamers ascend the Paraguay, as has since actually happened, to the Brazilian provinces North of the Republic; but at length the permission was obtained, and on the 7th of November, 1853, the voyage was recommenced. The *Water Witch* slowly steamed upwards, astonishing the inhabitants of the *guardias* and *piquets* (military posts) and scattered settlements with the novel sight of a "*vapor*," of which wonderful kind of vessel many of the primitive, semi-Indian Paraguayans had never even heard before. Past noble forests of *lapacho* and *quidera hacha* (not *quebracho*, as Lieut. Page misspels it), best of ship-timber,—of *yerba*, or Paraguay tea,—of *curunday*, and countless other varieties of useful yet neglected palmtrees,—of *algarroba* (a species of locust), and many other trees that might be valuable to the builder, the tanner, the dyer, or the pharmacopolist; scaring the tapir, the capibara, the jaguar, and the Indian from either bank; past the little town of Concepcion and the lesser one of San Salvador, the *Water Witch* steamed on; until, on the 27th of November, she entered the territory of Brazil. Lieut. Page proceeded as far as the regulations of the Imperial Government permitted him; and reluctantly halting at Corumba, some 150 miles from the Paraguayan frontier, prepared to redescend the river.

The *Water Witch* anchored at Asuncion once more on the 20th of December, her officers having completed partial surveys of the upper course of the river, and having on board a collection of many interesting specimens in natural history; but the reception accorded to Lieut. Page by the President was not agreeable. The demonstration that the Paraguay was navigable into the Brazilian territory—a demonstration which Lopez had been led to hope would not ensue—was decidedly unpalatable; but Lieut. Page succeeded in calming the Presidential mind, and set to work at once to prepare for an exploration of the rivers intersecting the Gran Chaco. The Pilcomayo and the Vermejo were both repeatedly navigated during the Spanish occupancy of these regions, at a time when the Chaco was inhabited by Indians acknowledging the authority of missionary rulers; but for many years their currents have been undisturbed, until Lieut. Page, with a small steamer built at Asuncion, and manned from the *Water Witch*, commenced the ascent of the Vermejo. Slowly creeping up the silent stream, he passed through sylvan solitudes in which only the plunge of the tapir, the roar of the jaguar, or the hoarse screaming of disturbed and angry birds, are heard amid the silence of depopulation. Vast forests of palms stretch on either hand from river to river, forming, to use Lieut. Page's really eloquent words, "a temple to the living God—a crowning glory to the vegetable system of this basin of La Plata! The varieties seen by us would furnish supplies of nourishing farinaceous food, drink, medicine, arms, lodging, and clothing, to a vast population." A few mounted Indians presented themselves from time to time on the banks, and surprised the navigators by exhibiting neither fear nor curiosity at the sight of the little steamer. Occasionally, too, a party of these savages communicated with the American sailors, bartering petty articles for beads and tobacco, and exhibiting their customs and peculiarities, of which, however, Lieut. Page has told us far less than, in the name of science, we wish he had recorded.

The Vermejo was ascended, through an unbroken and densely wooded plain, for 122 geographical miles, when, having established the fact of its navigability at all seasons by vessels of two and a half feet draught, the little steamer *Pilcomayo* was taken back to Asuncion, where alterations were made in her, while Lieut. Page occupied himself in an excursion to Corrientes. It was his intention, when the *Pilcomayo* should be satisfactorily repaired, to continue his exploration of the tributaries to the Paraguay, but an occurrence shortly intervened to set at naught all his intentions. The ill-conduct of the United States' consul at Asuncion caused a rupture between himself and the Government, and Lieut. Page hurried from Corrientes to Asuncion, on hearing of the dispute. We cannot prolong our article with the details of this quarrel, already too frequently rehearsed. Suffice it to say, that an angry and undignified contention ensued between Lieut. Page, as a United States' officer, and the Paraguayan government, in which both parties acted injudiciously, and which ended in the departure of the *Water Witch*, with her the entire American colony which had been recently allured to Asuncion. Scarcely had she again entered the waters of the Argentine Confederation, when the door was very impolitely although quite legally slammed behind her—in other words, President Lopez issued a proclamation closing the rivers of Paraguay against all men-of-war belonging to the nations with whom the Republic had no treaty stipulations; the treaties with the United States, already ratified by our Senate, he rejected on frivolous grounds.

The *Water Witch* was thus excluded from further navigation of the Paraguay or its northern affluents; but Lieut. Page now resolved to explore the Paraná above its confluence with the Paraguay. This task he confided to his junior, Lieut. Jeffers, whom he sent in the *Water Witch* into the Paraná, while he himself in the smaller steamer prepared to ascend the Rio Salado. Then occurred the wretched bungling by which an infraction of the Paraguayan decree was followed by an act of hostility, and by loss of life on board the *Water Witch*. The steamer, endeavoring to pass the fort of Itapiru, in defiance of Lopez's decree and of the remonstrance of the Governor, was fired into and compelled to put about; and she returned to the river below Corrientes. Lieut. Page hastened to Montevideo, burning with a desire to be avenged on the fort of Itapiru, and entreated Commodore Salter, the American flag officer, to authorise him to attack and demolish the fort, without waiting for reference home; but his application was unheeded, and he was left to the legitimate business with which he had been entrusted. The difficulty was reported home, and became, as all the world knows, the basis of extensive belligerent undertakings by our government. We have yet to learn, however, whether any actual warfare has been the result of Lieut. Jeffers's proceedings. A few weeks more and we shall be in receipt of definite intelligence.

Two-thirds (by far the best portion) of Lieut. Page's book bring us to the affair of Itapiru. Six or seven more chapters, containing much that is valuable in the shape of ill-digested information, present the history of his subsequent navigation of the Paraná and the Salado; while the remainder of the volume is occupied by a summary, embracing the history of the entire region of La Plata, forming an adjunct useful to the novice in South American lore. An appendix contains several *pièces justificatives*, some exceedingly meagre ornithological and botanical notes, and meteorological tables in sufficient profusion to delight the heart of even the Brooklyn philosopher, Meriam. A very large and unwieldy, but we doubt not accurate, lithographic map of the basin of La Plata is annexed; yet this is of far less value to the general reader than a more manageable one on a smaller scale, showing the position of the principal towns and villages, and the courses of the rivers, would have been.

Let us not be understood as cavilling at Lieut. Page's work. We would not deny it credit for the least of its many valuable points. We believe it to be one of the most important contributions that has been made of late years to geographical science. We merely advance the regret, as disinterested critics and as earnest students of the regions passed in review, that more judicious provision was not made by our government for the scientific portion of the enterprise. It would be more sensible to confide the making of treaties to the wits of the bluff sea-captains who convey our Ministers to foreign countries, than to leave scientific investigation, in fields altogether new, to the inexperience and even ignorance of men, who may be excellent sailors, but are untrained in observation, and devoid of scientific accomplishment. Lieut. Page's ignorance of the Spanish language, which he frankly acknowledges, was not the least of the impediments in his path towards a successful and comprehensive survey of the vast and important region of La Plata. This ignorance, in fact, in the case of Lieut. Jeffers, led to the affair at Itapiru, as the commandant, before opening fire, sent him a letter warning him of his intentions, which the lieutenant returned, saying that he was unable to read it. Scarcely a Spanish word of the many that occur in the volume before us but is misspelt, and a defect of this kind, so striking even to the hasty reader, is one which conveys an unfavorable impression that not even the solid information to be acquired from the work, is capable of removing.

Read with attention, however, "La Plata" opens a new world to the merchant, the agriculturist, the naturalist, and even the statesman. The natural riches, the spontaneous profusion of that vast alluvial region, extending from the base of the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the rugged hills of Bolivia to the Pampas around Buenos Ayres, are forcibly impressed upon the mind that has mastered the contents of this voluminous report. The author, although barren of descriptive power, derives nevertheless, at times, a certain picturesqueness from his subject; and, as he portrays to us the steaming forests of the Vermejo, the glassy silence of the Paraguay, the lively entertainments of Corrientes or Concepcion, or the level immensity of the Argentinian Pampas, we are enabled for the nonce to stand, in imagination, by his side, to inhale the perfumed atmosphere, to gaze at the unfamiliar, strangely beautiful flora, to witness the pastoral avocations of the *estanciero* and *peon*, or to be present at the interviews with punctilious Presidents, the *tête à tête* with charming Señoras and Señoritas, and the colloquies with savage, half-naked Indians, bartering a jaguar-skin for a roll of tobacco, or a string of worthless beads. Nor is this all. We are enabled to gather, thanks to the light thrown on the subject by Azara, whose minute account of the natural history of La Plata forms altogether one of the most wonderful works of its class, no little information regarding the flora and fauna of the regions visited. The great object held in view by our Government, moreover, was successfully accomplished. It is now placed beyond possibility of doubt that not only can the River Paraguay be ascended to the heart of Brazil, but that its great tributaries, the Salado, the Vermejo, and undoubtedly also the Pilcomayo, are navigable by steamers of light draught; and then the resources of the exuberant region of La Plata are placed within easy reach of commerce and improvement. The amplest confirmation of all that has been written regarding the inexhaustible natural resources and infinite capabilities of this region for inaugurating and maintaining a great and profitable trade, is also to be found in Lieutenant Page's volume. Unnumbered varieties of precious woods, palms with a hundred uses, tea, manihoc, tobacco, indigo, cochineal, opium, are a few of the spontaneous productions of Paraguay and the Argentinian States; while live stock, wool, tallow, hides, and similar commodities, are among the well known staples of the plains or pampas of the interior and the South. When American and European ingenuity shall have continued to turn to account the natural wealth of this vast alluvion, every part of which is brought in immediate connection with the Atlantic by means of the noble water highways that intersect and drain it, there cannot fail to spring up a demand for the manufactures and the material of the United States, which will rapidly overshadow all the trade that is now carried on in that quarter. At the same time exports of the valuable staples of the country increase, and must continue hugely to increase, with every year.

We cannot take leave of this work without a tribute to the excellence of its illustrations. In drawing and engraving they are alike unusually good. The portraits of Lopez, Francia, and Urquiza, are especially valuable, and the views of Asuncion, Corrientes, Concepcion, and Buenos Ayres, are highly creditable.

* La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata, and adjacent countries, during the years 1853-54-55-56, under the orders of the United States Government. By Thomas J. Page, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With map and numerous engravings. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

SLAVERY

ETHNOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

A paper read before the New York Historical Society, February 8th, 1859, by Thomas Berbank, Esq., and revised by him for the New York Saturday Press.

Labor is the condition of existence. The earth, as man's inheritance, is an inheritance of wild lands to be brought into cultivation; a task for which his organization is expressly adapted. Whether the amount of exertion imposed on him in the various stages of his work be uniform or not, has hardly been determined. In the hunter-state, when free as nature made him, he probably toils as painfully as tribes that have emerged from the forest; and we suspect our farmers and manufacturers perform quite as much work as their less advanced progenitors.

But climate affects man's muscular strength. Heat and moisture vary with geographical position, and natives of temperate regions lose much of their vigor, and power of endurance, in torrid zones. To meet this and other exigencies, the species is divided into races, each constituted to flourish best in the climates akin to those to which it is indigenous; so that all men may be on a par as respects labor, and the circumstances under which it is exercised.

This arrangement does not imply, as might hastily be assumed, that each race should be confined within its original boundaries, because there are, and have ever been, great regions in congenial climates, lying waste for lack of cultivators. But independent of that, emigration is an active and indispensable element in the economy of the planet. Things would stagnate upon it, were it not for the circulation of its occupants. Its surface, like that of the ocean, is designed to be agitated and crossed by living streams and currents, of varied and ever-varying velocities. Voluntary emigrations have always obtained, and are now proceeding, on scales perhaps not larger than those vast involuntary removals which characterised the policy of the conquerors of old—showing that the most conflicting of human acts and influences do not interrupt the progress of natural laws. Vegetable and animal products differ in different countries, so that what one people lacks, another can supply, and thus is established a universal and perpetual incitement to travel and commercial exchanges.

As civilisation progresses, human activity increases, and labor becomes more and more in demand. There is more work for it to do—immeasurably more in the arts, and in terreculture also, for the central and most fertile sections of the earth are yet untouched by the plow—hence it has been, and is, in much the same category as marketable necessaries. The supply has had to meet the demand, and the nearest and most accessible sources have been seized on. When free labor was not to be had, forced labor, home or imported, has taken its place; and the system has been held to accord with nature, since it is applicable, and has been extended to every species of force.

There is much uncertainty and unconcern in men's minds respecting the laws that govern the affairs of the world. Few suspect that the great movements of our species are as much subject to them, as those of the inferior creatures. To partial observers, every thing appears at sixes and sevens—a mighty mass without a plan; as if the Earth, after being fitted for, and stocked with, inhabitants, was left without constitutional and conservative provisions—an idea which can only enter the heads of those who, like ants, look not beyond their own little hillocks and movements—or those who consider the earth consists of conglomerate masses thrown together without order or systematic arrangement.

To those who consult her, Nature manifests the main features of her administration, in the development and uses of Industrial forces as clearly as in anything else. Bodily strength or power, adapted to the diverse conditions of life, is a natural necessity, which we have in common with the brutes. But a radical difference exists between them and us in this, that while they need no more than as individuals they inherit, we require additional quantities from external sources to meet exigencies of social and civil life. Hence, nothing has been able to prevent their acquisition in one shape or another; and nothing, we presume, can prevent it as long as man and the earth are constituted as they are.

Does this involve a necessary violation of moral laws? Not at all. All mundane power is comprised in the two general divisions—*animate* and *inanimate*. It is a competent knowledge of the nature and capacities of these that is most wanting. The disparities between them are very great. Living energies are numerous, but their yield is almost nothing compared with that of the others. They do not now meet a tithe of the requirements of civilisation, and as society advances they will fall more and more behind. They are preliminary to inanimate power. Now, as man can only advance as his stock of Industrial forces is enlarged, we perceive the wisdom and beneficence of the provision by which he is to increase his drafts, not on quivering flesh and fibres, but on insensitive substances. But for this, negroes would be captured and sold in greater numbers than ever. There would be no end to their enthralment.

Slavery has its origin in the diversities of physical and mental structure and discipline, in connection with an universal disposition of the strong to subjugate the weak; hence it has not been confined to negroes, for everywhere man has bought and sold his kind. There is no nation in Europe or Asia, large numbers of whose people have not been exported as slaves. Though to us it appears to have long endured, it should be borne in mind that the human race is still in its infancy.

Those that deny normal inequalities in the races, must admit that there exist ordinances associated with climate, which exercise a controlling influence on human as well as on animal labor. There is, moreover, no ignoring the fact of the past and the present predominance of the white race—that it is the Leader of the rest, and that among the latter are tribes peculiarly fitted, by low organizations, for the lowest kind of labor; in consequence of which they have been subjected to it, right or wrong, from the earliest times. Then the other alleged fact, that the Pioneer-race cannot carry civilisation over tropical and equatorial regions without the aid of blacks; and though this does not necessarily imply the enslavement of colored laborers, it is contended that, if the richest portions of the earth are to be reclaimed from primitive wildness, they must do the work willingly, or unwillingly, since they only are fitted by nature to do it.

With many, I have no faith in the extinction of slavery by moral suasion or penal statutes. Both have long been tried, and to little purpose, except to show their insufficiency. The evil sought to be removed lies deeper than they can reach. They may palliate it, but cannot eradicate it. Its roots, extending to the lowest depths of man's selfish nature, must cease to be nourished, before they can be torn up. As long as it is profitable, it will live. To kill it, something better must take its place. Such, for example, is white labor in temperate zones, and hence slave labor can no more be perpetuated in some of our present slave States than in Canada or New England.

But the question is, can it be dispensed with in existing families? I believe it can, and eventually will be, irrespective of human legislation. Notwithstanding the apparent permanence and magnitude, its indestructibility of the tropics can only be considered local and temporary, because Nature herself has provided substitutes that will inevitably be adopted, as fast as men become prepared to employ them. She has filled the earth with elements of inanimate motors, and put no limits to our demands upon them; but life, with most of us, is such a scramble for what can be picked up and turned to immediate profit, that the great truth is neglected.

To the statement, that before planters will give up slave labor they must be provided with a better, abolitionists may reply, that it is not sought to take the slave from his work, but simply to make him a free workman. Be it so. That may be partially carried out. It cannot become general, till the moral organs everywhere preponderate over the animal ones. We think not then, were even that to come to pass.

I venture to broach a new proposition on the exciting topic—to suggest a mechanical solution of the supposed political problem. Some subjects cannot be fully comprehended, without looking beyond their local bearings and present influences: slavery is one of them. Nature, so much ignored on account of her slow and silent movements, has a potent voice in this matter, and speaks on it, as she has often spoken, with more effect from the Factory than from Halls of Legislation. Notwithstanding our political and civil machinery, it is she that shapes our ends, bend and rough-hue them as we will. Whatever other remedies may be prescribed, it will be found that physical sores can only be removed by physical cures, that as one body can only be moved by another, an old motor can only be displaced by a new one, equally effective and economical.

For every ill there is a remedy, but it does not always come from the quarter expected. The great social changes wrought in modern times are not the result of the sagacity and movements of statesmen—not a fraction of them. Legislators had no more to do with starting them than with the production of rain or snow. They knew not the cause till the effects loomed up before them, and then it seemed inexplicable from its apparent insignificance. And what is it that has made itself felt so beneficially over every part of the civilised world? Humiliating to the pride and power of rulers, it was nothing more than a common property of a common substance, turned to a new purpose—the simple *expansion of aqueous vapor*.

That nature is no niggard of the precious element of Force, we all know, but we do not all perceive that it consists of varieties, differing in forms, intensities, and applications, and that such only can be used as are suited to the condition men are in as regards mental and material development. In other words, there is a natural order in the subjugation of the Motors. In early stages of society, the simple kinds only can be used. Savages can do nothing with steam, nor semi-savages with cognate first movers. It is, then, a fundamental truth that man is to rise in the scale of civilisation as he evolves new forces. This is the law of human progress, one that has hardly yet presented itself, in its full bearings, to writers on ethics or physics. They admit force, in a general way, to be of importance, but they treat it as an adjunct, or an ordinary element, rather than the principal one of human elevation. If there were a deep conviction that it is the essence of material acquisitions—that all others are products of it—would there not be more said and written about it?—more exhortations to supersede living by inorganic first movers?—the weak by the energetic—the expensive by the cheap? How few are they who teach that the forces constitute the *actors* in the world's great drama, and their applications the *scenes* into which the acts are divided—that they expand as human wants expand, and are ordained to appear in a natural sequence, by which each opens the way for its successor—that there is progress in the forces as well as in the products of the forces.

From the brevity of life, we are naturally impatient under Political pressures, and seek their immediate removal, but the habits of races and nations, as respects labor, are not to be changed in a day. Thoroughly to employ one common force, and successfully introduce another, has comprised periods so great as can only be counted in the life of the species. What ages transpired before the white man enslaved black ones, we know not, nor how many intervened before quadrupeds were tamed and made to labor for him, nor how vast the intervals before wind and moving water were pressed into his service. But this we *do* know, that we live in a transition age—at the beginning of an epoch that will be ever memorable for the evolution of productive forces from *inert* matter—of forces designed to meet deficiencies of preceding ones, and by their extension to diverse departments of labor, gradually to contract the areas and extinguish the evils of slavery.

The first of these yet mastered is *steam*. It is unnecessary to detail here what social, civil, and even mental and moral results it has brought forth in little more than half a century, nor with what accelerated power it is adding to them. There is scarcely a department of the arts into which it has not been introduced, and positively not one in which its influence is not felt. It has changed the policy of nations, and is stimulating, beyond all precedent, their growth and prosperity. The hoisting power for bringing up the materials stored in the earth's cellars, and the chief working agent on her surface, its labors are, apparently, to be interminable, if not illimitable. It is now doing three, if not four, times more work than the manual force of the whole human family can do; and, in a century or two, will, in all probability, be doing a hundred times more. It is doubtful if the earth, under a high state of cultivation, could produce food enough for the myriads of laborers that would be necessary to do what it is now doing, and yet it is only beginning its mission as a motor. Fresh applications of it are being constantly projected. It has passed from the factory into the highways; and, at the present writing, attempts are making to take it into the prairies—to make it a general field-laborer—to plow and sow, as well as thresh, and bolt, and grind. It already gins cotton, besides spinning and weaving it; nor is there any insuperable obstacle to its planting, and hoeing, and picking it—or something equivalent to picking it. It expresses the juice from the sugar-cane; why not cultivate and reap it? The cereals, also, as well as the ordinary grasses? Kindred difficulties now overcome, appeared equally serious before they were conquered. Nothing is wanting but a proper combination of mechanical skill; and, when that is realised, slavery dies, and dies amid the hosannas of both pro and anti-slavery men.

That coal, the generator of steam, is ordained to be a *chief*, if not *the chief*, agent of manipulating force, and through periods of time commensurate with those consumed in its preparation and stowage, we have little doubt. What it has got to do on this part of the earth may be rudely guessed at, from the fact that while its deposits in Great Britain, Spain, France, and Belgium, do not exceed, in the aggregate, twenty thousand square miles, its area within the United States—or course saying nothing of Mexico on the South, and Canada and Nova Scotia on the North—is already estimated at *two hundred thousand square miles!* A national inheritance of inconceivable wealth and power.

Let me repeat. The proposition is, that unlimited amounts of force are to be drawn out of inert matter, and that mechanical arrangements for applying them to the exhaustive labors of slaves, are alone wanting to put an end to the slave trade. This is Nature's plan, and therefore effectual, without being violent; mild, progressive, and conservative, injurious to no class, but advantageous to all interests. In it, the morals of slavery are reversed. The forces are without feeling, and the greater the amount of work got out of them, the nearer we fulfil the intentions of the Creator respecting them. Human labor becomes improved in its character, and reduced in intensity or amount to what is essential to bodily health and mental vigor. Associated with intelligence, it becomes employed in the direction of other forces. The slave becomes an overseer.

I do not know that it is expedient to suggest to friends of the negro, the formation of *Societies for promoting the application of inanimate forces to the raising and reaping staple products of tropical and semi-tropical regions*, though there would be nothing impracticable in the project, since it is only to extend to the field a part of what has already been effected in the factory. And surely, discussion and the offer of suitable premiums, would tend to hasten the accomplishment of an object honorable to man in his highest estate, if even society and science be not quite prepared for it.

It is needless to allude to motive-agents that are destined to follow steam. Some are imperfectly developed, others perhaps not suspected, while of those that are known, none are sufficiently subdued to be profitable, except *electricity*, as a messenger—transmitting thought with a velocity bordering on volition—as a gilder and plater of the metals, and a multiplier of engravings, medallions, and the most delicate gems of ancient and modern art. Should it become tamed into a common working force, it will perform functions for which steam is imperfectly adapted. No one motor can do every thing.

Associations of the kind are wanted, to show the world that great moral desiderata are often only to be attained through the physical. Some persons are inclined to think existing mechanicians have done all they can do with inanimate motors. If this be so, they have left a liberal share of invention for their immediate successors; and what advantages these can have which they have not, it would be difficult to say.

But living ingenuity is not exhausted. It only wants to be concentrated in the required direction to achieve the greatest tasks. Is there any risk in asserting, that if a moiety of the influence and money expended by England and America during the last ten years for suppressing the Slave Trade, had been devoted to the extension of inorganic forces to slave labor, the market prices of negroes in the United States had now been reduced to African standards, and a fruitful element of National strife rendered innoxious, if not annihilated?

PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

COLLECTION OF THE LATE GEO. P. PARKER.

This library contains about nine thousand volumes, and embraces for the most part those works which a person of general reading, without any especial aim in literature or science, would be desirous to consult. It is chiefly confined to works in the English language, although it possesses a number of valuable works in the Latin and modern languages other than the English, among which is a complete set of Valpy's edition of the Delphin classics, in 169 volumes, superbly bound, and in an admirable state of preservation.

The chief feature of the library, however, consists in its well-selected list of English authors, in *belles lettres*, history, geography, travels, general science, translations of the classics, and works relating to art. In all these departments the library possesses the means of furnishing a reasonable amount of information.

Among the works in *belles lettres* is a fine large paper copy of the poetical works of Milton, printed for Boydell, from the types of Martin, with illustrations by Sebiavonetti; three volumes, quarto, published in London, 1794. Baskerville's rare edition of Addison's complete works, with portraits and plates by Grigonion, after Hayman, published at Birmingham in 1761; 4 vols. quarto. There is also an excellent set of Pickering's edition of Milton's complete works, in 8 vols. octavo; a corresponding set of Johnson's works, in 9 vols., octavo, from the same press, and Sir E. Brydges's Archiva, in 2 vols., quarto, in 1815.

The private press from which this volume issued was established in 1813, at the mansion of his son (Lee Priory, near Canterbury), and was conducted by two experienced workmen from the establishment of Bentley. The specimen of typography exhibited by the present volumes is highly creditable, and will bear comparison with the best specimens of workmanship from this far-famed private press, of which Sir Egerton was the chief support.

His continuation of Collins's Peerage in nine volumes, likewise in the collection, is an important addition to genealogical history; and his *Censura Literaria*, also in the library, is a work which is held in high esteem by all literary antiquarians.

The work which may be properly placed by the side of those of Brydges is Nichols's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, which, with an incidental view of the progress and advancement of English literature during the period of which it treats, contains a large number of memoirs and original letters of eminent persons, and abounds in literary anecdote. It was published in 1817, in nine octavo volumes. Besides being the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for many years, Nichols was the author or editor of no less than sixty different works.

There are in the collection the works of Horace Walpole, edited by Robert Berry, and published in London, in 5 vols. quarto, in 1798. This is the first collected edition of the writings of this distinguished nobleman. As early as 1768, the Earl of Oxford formed the plan of issuing a complete edition of his works from his own private press at Strawberry Hill, and soon after actually began a quarto edition. A first and part of the second volume were in a great state of forwardness, when ill health admonished him to surrender the task to the editor, under whose care the present edition was issued from the London press, instead of the private one at Strawberry Hill.

Among the works on travel are Pouqueville's Travels in Greece and Albania; Dodwell's Classical Tours through Greece in 1801-5-6, two volumes, quarto, London, 1819; Norden's Travels in Egypt and Nubia, London, 1757, atlas folio, two volumes, original edition, which is the first book that contains a picturesque description of Egypt, and is so faithfully executed that all subsequent writers have attested to its truthfulness; *Voyage en Sibérie, Contenant la Description du Kamtchatka*, by Krachenin'nikow, Paris, 1767, two volumes, quarto; Churchill's Collection of Voyages, London, 1745, six volumes, folio; *Voyage de la Perouse, Autour du Monde*, Paris, 1794, four volumes, quarto; Vancouver's Voyage, London, 1798, three volumes, quarto; Hakluyt's Voyages, five volumes, quarto, with a continuation, and Purchas, his Pilgrimage, London, 1625-6, folio, five volumes.

Among the works on travels relating more especially to America, in addition to those already noticed, are, Humboldt's Personal Narrative, Prince Maximilian's Travels in the Interior of North America, and Ternaux-Compan's *Voyages, Relations, et Memoires Originaux pour servir a l'Histoire de la decouverte de l'Amerique*, in twenty volumes octavo, published in Paris, 1837, '41. There is also an excellent copy of Cotton Mather's Magnalia.

The collection possesses quite a number of excellent modern works on general and special science, among which are Rogert's Animal and Vegetable Physiology; Kirby's History, Habits and Instincts of Animals; Loudon's Arboretum; Cuvier's Animal Kingdom; Pursh's North American Flora; Michaux's North American Sylvia, with Nuttall's Continuation; Andrew's Heathery; Hooker's *Musci Exotici*; Lambert's Description of the Genus Pinus and of most of the Family of *Cinchona*; Greville's Scottish *Cryptogamic Flora*; Bedoute's *Traite des Roses*; Lindley's British Fruits; Hooker's Botanical Miscellany, and Woodville's Medical Botany.

There is likewise Denny's Parasitic Insects; Dono-

van's British Insects; Donovan's British Birds; Richardson's *Fauna Boreali Americana*; Darwin's Zoölogy of the Beagle; Harris's Aurelian, or Natural History of English Moths and Butterflies; Gould's Birds of Europe—London, 1837, 5 vols., atlas folio; Catesby's Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands, and Wilson's American Ornithology. The works of the latter writer, although greatly eclipsed in point of grand execution by the recent and splendid ones of Audubon, are nevertheless no way diminished in value as faithful chronicles of this extensive department of animated nature. This work possesses an additional value from the circumstance that the specimens of birds described in it were for the most part deposited in the Peale Museum, at Philadelphia, where the writer has frequently had an opportunity of contrasting the plates executed for Wilson's Ornithology with actual specimens deposited in the museum. He was the first naturalist who carefully studied the birds of North America in their accustomed haunts, and his work will long continue to be admired, not only on account of its truthful descriptions, but likewise because of the enthusiasm and perseverance it displays. It is a singular fact, in connection with this subject, that the manufacturing districts should not only have produced some of the most ardent cultivators of Ornithology—as Wilson, who was originally a gauze weaver at Paisley—but have contributed most largely of their means to defray the expenses incurred in the production of the magnificent volumes on Ornithology that have recently been given to the world. Audubon used frequently to declare that the men of station and rank, possessing fine estates and large libraries, did far less to aid him in the production of his great work, than the leading manufacturers of England and France. So much, indeed, was he dependent upon this latter class for aid, that it is not at all improbable that his whole project would have remained unaccomplished but for the princely subscriptions given to him by those engaged in manufacturing occupations.

It is a question whether the taste for the beautiful in nature is more inseparably interwoven into the minds of those engaged in manufacturing pursuits, or whether patronage arises from a more sordid motive. It is well known that the culture of flowers forms one of the most favorite and universal recreations of the weaver. Almost every one possesses his flower-garden, and as his taste directs, he enters warmly into the culture of what are termed florists' plants—polyanthuses, ranuncula, anemonies, hyacinths, pinks, and carnations, and as much pleasure is excited in watching the success of a favorite bulb or seedling as could arise from an indulgence in more common but less innocent amusements.

The secret of this preference was supposed by the great naturalist Audubon, doubtless with much propriety, to arise from a perfectly interested motive. In the manufacture of various fabrics it is necessary that the operatives should be thoroughly versed in the blending of colors and their effect, in order successfully to combine them in such a manner as to render them acceptable to the fastidious tastes of their more particular customers. In the rich coloring of flowers and the variegated and brilliant plumage of the feathered tribe, these effects are observed in the most eminent degree, and hence those who wish to study the effects produced in nature by this harmonious blending, readily appreciate and cheerfully pay for what furnished them with valuable aid. In this manner it fortunately happens that art becomes the handmaid and patron of the beautiful in science.

There is an excellent collection of works relating to art, among which are Moseses' Canova; Becker's *Augustum*, containing a description of the antique monuments found at Dresden; Raczynski's *Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne*; Kingsborough's Mexican Antiquities; Gells's Pompeii, and Murphy's Arabian Antiquities in Spain. This latter, which is splendidly executed in atlas folio, contains one hundred engravings, for the most part by I. L. Keux and Fitler, from drawings made on the spot. Mr. Murphy, who was an architect by profession, devoted fourteen years of continued labor to this work, and expended in its production a considerable fortune. Its publishing price was $200 per copy. The subject was well chosen, and is worthy of costly delineations. It is known that during the last century the prejudices of the Spanish people induced them not only to neglect, but absolutely to deface and often to destroy the remains of the infidel Moors who once held the supremacy in this delightful but little visited country. Bayer and Castri, by their representations, induced the Royal Academy of St. Ferdinand to take the necessary steps to have accurate drawings taken of the most marked of these remains. To these efforts we are indebted for the superb drawings of the Palace of the Alhambra and the Mosque of Cordova, which, after a labor of several years, were published under the title of *Antiquedades Arabes de Espana*, in a folio volume, 1780. Since that period, a number of works representing the ruins to be found in the far-famed Mohammedan cities of Granada, Cordova, and Seville, have been given to the public, but none will compare in accuracy of detail and elegance of execution with that by the present author.

There is also a copy of *Monuments de l'Egypt et de la Nubia*, executed under the direction of Champollion-le-jeune, and published by a special commission of the French Government, under the auspices of MM. Guizot and Thiers; *Le Musée Francais*; *Le Musée Royal*; the Royal Gallery of British Art; Weale's Great Masters; Britton's Ecclesiastical Architecture; Meryck's Ancient British Costumes; Logan's Clans of the Scottish Highlands, and Lodge's Portraits.

The library is well supplied with encyclopedias, dictionaries, and similar works of reference; among which is Castell's *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, or Dictionary of Seven Languages, which cost this learned antiquarian scholar eighteen years of assiduous labor, and proved ruinous to his fortune, having cost in its production upwards of $60,000. It was published in London, 1660, in 2 volumes, folio. Bishop Walton acknowledges his assistance in arranging his *Biblia Polyglotti*, a copy of which, of the edition of 1657, is in this collection. At the time of Castell's decease he possessed about five hundred copies of his erudite lexicon, which had remained unsold. These, were placed by Mrs. Crisp, his niece and executrix, in a room in one of her tenant's houses at Martin, in Surrey, where for many years they lay undisturbed by human hands, but at the mercy of the rats, who made such havoc with them that when they came into the possession of Mrs. Crisp's executors scarcely a complete copy could be found, and so complete had been the mutilation that the whole remainder brought but seven pounds.

The collection contains complete sets of the *Annual Register*, *Edinburgh Review*, and *London Quarterly*, all in good preservation and handsome bindings. Indeed, most of the works in the collection are clothed in handsome bindings, and not a few are bound in the very best style of art. They are generally in a good state of preservation, and while they bear indications of having been well perused, evince, on the part of their late possessor, a care in their use which too few students are accustomed to observe.

THE RETIRED PHYSICIAN.

My Dear Press:—I write you in behalf of thy friend, "The Retired Physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out." His "retiring" disposition seals his lips and justifies my interposition.

I have vainly endeavored to procure his proper recognition in the new "Cyclopædia." The editors call him a dunkey. Be it so; but what better claim than this can he have for a place in their great work, or to their brotherly regard?

They say if they mention him, THE SATURDAY PRESS will give them "fits." They thus recognize your power and the "fit"-ness of your criticism, and hence my appeal to you. As you have said nothing against the long sketch of P. T. Barnum in that publication, how could you object to the "Retired Physician?" The "Woolly Horse" may have proved a "*Trojan Horse*" to them. Now is not my friend as extensively and as favorably known as Barnum? He has not brazenly boasted of public impositions, but shall he be reimbursed for this one small sin of quietism? He may confess yet before his "sands" are entirely run out. Now, dear Press, if you will say a word in his behalf, or even promise to keep quiet in case we do succeed, myself and friend will pray that "the sands of your life may never run out."

M. D.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

☞ We desire to call special attention to an article on our first page, entitled "SLAVERY ETHNOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED," in which the talented author, Mr. Ewbank, advances the opinion that the Peculiar Institution can be abolished by steam, and that, too (though the statement seems paradoxical), without getting the country into hot water.

Our Book List for this week is unavoidably postponed.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

On our fourth page will be found an elaborate article, from the Boston *Courier*, the object of which is to prove that the Atlantic Telegraph Company is an immense swindle. Whether the writer has made out his case or not, he certainly presents us with some very astounding revelations. The most suspicious thing in the matter is, that although the article was published nearly three weeks ago, and attracted great attention in Boston, it has been carefully excluded from the New York press, which, in fact, has scarcely made an allusion to it. We are informed that this omission could be explained, but in a manner not very creditable to the "Associated Press." However this may be, the fact is a very significant one; and knowing as we do that individual papers are constantly bought up, or suborned, we see no very great difficulty in the way of buying up or suborning the whole crowd; especially if they happen to be consolidated. If it is replied that the matter was not interesting enough to call for any special notice, we can only say that if all matters of *less* interest were excluded from the columns of the "Associated Press," their customers would rarely be served with anything more attractive than blank paper.

No such explanation, however, will do. It might answer for a single paper, but when put in as a defence for the lot, it falls at once to the ground. Neither can it be objected that the article originally appeared in an obscure and uninfluential journal. The *Courier* is one of the oldest, most conservative, and most influential journals in Boston. The very fact that an article of the importance of the one under notice appeared in its columns, *entitled* it to consideration. Why, then, has it been so completely ignored?

For our own part, we have no feeling about the Atlantic Telegraph Company, one way or the other, beyond a vague kind of impression—shared in common with the public—that it is, and has been from the first, suspiciously given to mystification. Not an uncommon policy, this, with corporations; but it is not one particularly calculated to produce confidence, either in their management or in their integrity. Our readers will remember that for months the public were *begging* for information as to what on earth—or on water—the Atlantic Telegraph Company were about, but that they begged in vain; were, in fact (after the "Ovation"), treated by that company with the most profound contempt. At last, all interest in the matter died out, and, save now and then a hint in the New York *Times*, or *Herald*, that there had been some quiet little swindling going on in the work, the press as well as the people stopped talking about the subject. Now, however, it is up again, and however the city press, "associated" or other, may be disposed to dodge the question, it has got to be overhauled, and the sooner it is done the better.

We learn that an elaborate reply to the *Courier* article has been published in Boston, but we have been unable to get sight of it, or to learn anything in detail about it. This, again, seems to confirm the suspicion above expressed, of efforts being made to keep the New York public, if possible, ignorant of the whole matter.

LITTLE ELLA.

Following the chivalric lead of the *Tribune*, several of the dramatic oracles of the city press are down on the mother of Ella Burns for allowing that brilliant little creature to give public readings. The argument (or the assumption, rather) is—1st, That Ella could not, by any possibility, have been brought to her present degree of perfection as a reader, without previously undergoing a series of mental and physical tortures which none but the most cruel of mothers could have had the heart to inflict; and, 2d, That any mother who allows herself to be supported by so young a child, proves herself, by that fact, to be an indolent, vicious, and unnatural parent.

Now in reply to the first of these assumptions, it is only necessary to say that every one who has seen little Ella Burns at home, knows perfectly well that so far from being the unhappy victim of maternal avarice, the relations between her and her mother are of the most affectionate and beautiful nature; that so far from being compelled to read in public, she takes immense delight in it; that, in fact, recitation, whether in public or private, is a source of perpetual enjoyment to her; that she has the same taste for it that other children have for music, or dancing, or drawing, or drawing, or mischief; and that, finally, if there is any compulsion in the matter, it is on the side of Ella herself, who, if her mother were to quit her to-morrow, and she were left to follow her own bent, would, we verily believe, take the Academy of Music at once, and give a series of public entertainments on her own hook.

As for the second assumption, that it is disgraceful for a mother to be supported by so young a child, we should say, with all due deference to the oracles aforesaid, that that depended very much on circumstances. If the child had decided gifts, which, by being properly cultivated and developed, could enable it to earn ten or twenty times as much as the mother could earn by any of the half-paid callings that man has condescended to leave open to woman; and if the public use of these gifts involved no cruelty toward the child, we think that the mother would not only be justified in allowing herself and her child to be supported in this way, but that it would be the most sensible thing that she could do. The idea that the child would become corrupted in any way by pursuing such a career is sheer nonsense. It is based on the common prejudice that public performers are, as a rule, an immoral set of people; whereas, the fact is, that they compare favorably in respect of character with any class in the community—not excepting our moral and religious teachers, who, for that matter, are themselves public performers, and are exposed (with what result it is not worth while to discuss here) to all the temptations which beset actors, singers, readers, dancers, equestrians, acrobats, or any other esteem for the public.

OUR NEW HISTORIAN.

Mr. John Foster Kirk, upon whom has devolved the task of finishing Prescott's History of Philip II., though an American citizen by adoption, is by birth a Canadian. He is quite a young man, and ruddier, with his wife and family, at Dorchester, one of the pleasant suburbs of Boston. During his long and faithful services as amanuensis to Mr. Prescott, he was esteemed, not only by his distinguished employer, but by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, as a young man of the most acquirements and genius. That he will sustain the reputation of the great work to which he has already so largely contributed, there can be no doubt. Indeed we are informed, on the most competent authority, that in patience of investigation, breadth of thought, impartiality of judgment, clearness of expression,—and, in fact, in all the qualities that go to make a historian,—he stands to an exalted degree. Mr. Prescott's mantle could not have fallen on fitter shoulders.

THE PRIZE ADJUDICATION.

Miss Ida Craig—"Ida"—being declared the successful competitor for the Prize Poem, and proving to be a young Scotchwoman, a native of Edinburgh, who for the two years past resident in London, [illegible] an orphan, she was reared and educated [illegible] of a grandmother and in affluent circumstances. With praiseworthy industry, and self-cultivation of her intellectual powers, she early resolved to work out her own pecuniary independence. By occasional political contributions to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, she gained the notice and kindness of Mr. [illegible], the oldest, and principal proprietor of that journal, and for some years she was employed by this early patron and friend on its literary department. In 1856, Messrs. Blackwood published a small volume a collection of Miss Craig's fugitive metrical compositions, under the title of "Poems by Ida." The author has also been a contributor under the signature of "C." to the poetry of the *National Magazine*. In August, 1857, on Miss Craig's first visit to a London friend, Mr. Hastings, the hon. secretary of the National Association of Social Science, engaged her services in the organization of the society, and to this association Miss Craig is still attached as a literary assistant. The published transactions of the association owe much to her talent and good judgment. At the Liverpool meeting in October last, Miss Craig attracted general notice and commendation by her unobtrusive conduct and tact in the management of some departments of the business. Miss Craig was absent at the Crystal Palace meeting, really ignorant of the success of her literary competition, and of the award of the judges. It had happened that she had not seen the mottoes on the successful poem, made public some days since. The chances of a young Scotchwoman against 621 male and female competitors did not tempt her to attend the adjudication, and she was not informed of her success till late after the termination of the meeting at Sydenham Palace.

THE ENGLISH PRIZE POEM.

The hundredth anniversary of Burns's birth was commemorated at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, by an assemblage of fourteen thousand persons. The event of the celebration was the opening of the envelop containing the name of the winner of the fifty guinea prize, which was offered for the best poem. The successful competitor is a lady, Miss Ida Craig. Here is the poem:

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail, this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her Kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter theses
Than the sphere-lights they flout,—
Dwindle in the distance and die out,
While no star wrench yet;
So through the past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shared;
But half his mother's curse
From his dark, searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Cleft rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb ones meeting his by hearth and stall,—
Gifted to understand;
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,—
Who knew her noblest guest
And enthralled him best,
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the East
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-soul'd,
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the Winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble, from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A King must leave the feast, and lead the fight,
And with its mortal foes,—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins,
Each human soul must close.
And Pause her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So years the good;—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit, fool'd, cosen'd—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too richly rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tun'd,
Save by the maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove
By grateful honors lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage,
Where dearer are the dashes of the sod
That could his song engage.
The heavy hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed,
The streams he sauntered near,
The maidens whom he loved, the songs he sung;
All, all are dear!

The soft blue eyes,—
Arch but for love's disguise,—
Of Scotland's daughters, melt at his strain;
Her hardy oxen, goad-forth, cower the grain
To drive the plowshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lightens with it their toils;
And stolen hearts have learned to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can yield, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

— A correspondent of the Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian* says that "the bulk of the poems sent in for the Crystal Palace Company's Burns Prize, appear by internal evidence, to have emanated less from the literary class than from merchants' clerks, lawyers, young men employed in railways and warehouses, and even common laborers. Some, for example, have been sent in endorsed on dead skins; one is said to be the composition of a laborer's daughter, who was never fifteen months at school, nor fifteen miles away from her home; and one is even said to be the *sole* composition of a North country laborer, who can neither read nor write, and who must then have both made acquaintance with Burns, and sent in his poem, by proxy of some better educated neighbor." The number of poems offered was 621, and the precedure was unanimously adjudged to the one bearing the motto, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and "A Man's a Man for a' that," the author of which is Miss Isabella Craig. The Committee of Judges, in their report express the opinion that many of the unsuccessful poems sent in appear to be of considerable merit, and suggests that increased interest would be given to the Festival if the authors of these among the unsuccessful poems, which they think the best, would allow their poems to be printed along with that to which they have adjudged the premium (with or without their names, or be designated only by the mottoes. The Judges were, Richard M. Milnes, Tom Taylor, and Theodore Martin.

BURNS.

At the Burns celebration in Oldham, England, Mr. Wallace Bennie, of the *Oldham Chronicle*, who proposed the last toast, stated that there was in Ayr a daughter of Burns, who was in more necessitous circumstances than the nieces who had been so often mentioned.

At the celebration in Glasgow the toast to "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was responded to by Col. James Cleocairn Burns, the son of the Poet.

At the Liverpool celebration a number of relics of Burns were exhibited in the hall, including Burn's candlestick and chair, and the original of a letter written by the poet to Gavin Hamilton, Esq., in which occurs this passage:—

For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge.

One of the London papers publishes the following extract from the *Glasgow Courier*, of Tuesday, 26th of July, 1796:—

On the 21st inst. died, at Dumfries, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns. The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered him useless to himself and family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence, and his widow, with five infant children, and the hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband. A subscription for the widow and children of poor Burns is immediately to be set on foot, and there is little doubt of its being an ample one.

At the Dumfries celebration, the chair was taken by Dr. W. A. F. Browne, one of Her Majesty's commissioners in lunacy, in Scotland, supported, on his right hand, by Col. Wm. Nichol Burns, the eldest surviving son of the poet. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman, in on eloquent speech, gave "The immortal memory of Burns," which was received in solemn silence, and responded to by Col. Burns.

MR. THACKERAY AND MR. YATES.

In a late number of the *Home Journal* there appeared a letter from London, the chief object of which was evidently to circulate false rumors in this country with respect to Mr. Thackeray, and to say a good word, in passing, for Mr. Edmund Yates. The *animus* of the whole thing was evident at a glance. We did not imagine, however, on reading it, that it came from the pen of Mr. Yates himself. Yet such is substantially the fact, Mr. P. T. Barnum being (as we happen to know) the nominal author of the letter, and Mr. Yates being (as everybody happens to know) Mr. Barnum's man of all work in London. When these facts—so discreditable to all the parties concerned, excepting the *Home Journal*, which was merely used as a cat's paw in the affair—come to be known in England,—as they will be through THE SATURDAY PRESS,—they may have some influence in the matter pending between Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Yates before the Garrick Club. We trust that they will be instrumental in confirming the latter gentleman's expulsion.

We extract the most offensive portion of the letter:

"The great literary event of the day is the quarrel between Mr. Charles Dickens and his publishers, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. The latter, who are also the proprietors of *Punch*, refused to publish in that periodical the 'personal statement' made by Mr. Dickens about his separation from his wife, which you will recollect, and showed themselves in other ways inimical to him. Mr. Dickens has consequently determined to break off all connection with them, to remove his existing works out of their hands, not to let them have anything to do with his new books, and to annul the partnership existing between him and them in '*Household Words*.' This will be an unspeakable loss to Bradbury and Evans, for Dickens was their trump card. *Punch* is now not much good, and Thackeray, their next best, is rapidly going down hill as a saleable writer. His 'Virginians' has a very small sale—so small that from sheer shame he actually returns some of the stipulated sum paid him by the publishers! The trial brought by Edmund Yates against the Garrick Club for illegally expelling him, as an act of servile flunkeyism to Thackeray, comes on the beginning of next month. In legal circles there is no doubt of Yates's success. The trial will be before Lord Campbell, and Edwin James, the Queen's Counsel, will represent Yates. It is said he intends to put Thackeray into the witness box; and, if so, the charming Titmarsh may expect a ferocious mauling."

WORTH LOOKING INTO.

During the progress of recent investigations before "The Committee on Mercantile Affairs and Insurance" of the Massachusetts Legislature, F. O. J. Smith, Esq., (who took an active part in certain Telegraph matters) stated, that, to his personal knowledge, "a combination existed between the New York Associated Press, and the American Telegraph Company, by which the public were imposed upon and deluged with false and fraudulent news dispatches; that the Associated Press of New York have in their employ, and sustain in office a person reckless of every principle of honesty and honor; that he held a post that gave him the power of making presidents, and directing the public mind through the country; that as the business of that Association is at present conducted, the New York agent exercised a power equal to that ascribed to Jupiter, next to Omnipotence; and that so long as the Press of New York employ an Agent so abandoned and reckless, the public would be imposed upon and cheated."

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The act of Congress entitled "An Act providing for keeping and distributing all public documents," approved February 5, 1859, repeals, by its sixth section, the tenth section of the "Act to establish the Smithsonian Institution," requiring the author or proprietor of any work for which a copyright has been secured, to deliver copies of the same to the Librarians of the Smithsonian Institution and Congress Library. Authors and publishers are, however, still required to deposit a copy of their works in the office of the Clerk of the district where the copyright is secured, within three months of the publication thereof, as required by the fourth section of the Copyright Law.

A YANKEE ABROAD.

Among the patents granted in England for the week ending January 22, 1859, was one to Mr. John Hope, of Rhode Island, for a new and useful mechanism or apparatus for supporting and adjusting a graver of a machine for engraving the surface of a calico printer's roller, preparatory to the same being etched.

— The following provincial item, recommending prayers for the press, is the richest thing that has come in our way for a year. It appears to contain a somewhat pointed reference to the New York *Tribune*—a journal, as the author should have known, which has long since been past praying for:

Have you ever *prayed* for the conductors of the press? Never! Then are you the man to complain? Editors have like passions to those of other men, and are equally liable to error with them; while they have many wanted and peculiar temptations. We have in mind a brother editor who, though a clergyman, and considerably advanced in years, has never yet shown, in his columns, the Christian grace of meekness—hardly the worldly virtues of civility. Yet this belligerent champion we have understood to be, in private and pastoral life, a model of gentleness and urbanity. What makes the difference? Men pray philosophize over it, suggesting a score of plausible theories. But we shall never cease to believe that the solution lies largely in this: *that he has been prayed for as a martyr*; but not as an editor.

Literary Notes.

— The library of the late George P. Putnam, Esq., is to be sold by auction, at the request of Mrs. George A. Leavitt & Co., on the 1st of March next. An interesting description of the books in this valuable collection will be found in another column.

— The students of William and Mary College have, in full meeting, resolved that they meet with merited scorn any suggestion to abandon the friends of the College in their temporary embarrassment; "that, on the contrary, they are fully determined to remain in Williamsburgh, and conform to the arrangements of the Faculty, until a few brief months have expired, when they trust they shall see 'Dear Old William and Mary,' renovated and rejuvenated, rise from her ruins." That's the style.

— The veteran author, Leigh Hunt, now in his seventy-fifth year, the author of fifty or more books, has commenced a series of papers commenting on men and things—a kind of British "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—in the London *Spectator*. He entitles these articles "*The Omnibus*." The first of them appears in the New York *Century* of last week, but without credit.

— The Quarantine burners of Staten Island have started a new paper, called *The Sepoy*, in which they uphold the late arrests, hammer away at the Health Officer, and abuse the Commissioners of Emigrationas "the most corrupt body in the State."

— J. F. H. Claiborne is now engaged upon the "Life of General John A. Quitman." He has ready for the press an historical work on frontier life, entitled "The War-path of Sam. Dale, the Mississippi Partisan," and has made considerable progress with his "Men and Times of the Mississippi Territory," commencing in 1770 and coming down to 1815.

— Dr. Holland, author of the popular "Timothy Titcomb Letters" and of "Bitter-Sweet," commences a new series of weekly papers in the Springfield *Republican* on the first of March. They are to be called "Preaching upon Popular Proverbs."

— A writer in the Boston *Bee* says the Mercantile Agency system has "little more dignity than Fouché's French Police, and hardly as much apology for its existence."

— The Swiney Prize, a silver cup of the value of a hundred pounds, with as many gold sovereigns in it, has been awarded to Dr. A. S. Taylor, for his work on Medical Jurisprudence, by a joint meeting of the Society of Arts and the College of Physicians, London.

— A new monthly periodical has just been started in London, called *The Literary Record*. Price 6d.

— The Duke of Buckingham has two volumes of "Memoirs of the Court of George IV." in the press.

— H. Herme, Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts at Brussels, well known by his "History of the City of Brussels," is publishing a new "History of Charles the Fifth," from original sources. The first volume of the work has just appeared.

— A French friend of the Washington *Intelligencer* substitutes for Louis Napoleon's *L'Empire c'est la paix*, the much more appropriate motto *L'empire c'est l'épi*.

— A new Society, to be called the New York City Library Association, has just been organized at Lebanon Hall, No. 10 Abingdon Square. Its object is to promote intellectual improvement and cultivation.

— A new periodical has just been started in London, entitled "The Bible-Reader's Journal: a Medium of Scripture Exposition, Christian Intercommunication, and Biblical Research." The publishers announce that it will be issued, "God willing," every month.

— Murray (London) has in press a new work on Italy, its Antiquities, and its Picture Galleries, by Lord Broughton, author of "Travels in Albania," but better known as Sir John Cam Hobhouse.

— The London *Athenæum* in its notice of "Lady Morgan's Diary," just published by Mr. Bentley, having made some ungallant allusion to the distinguished lady's age, she replied by the following poem, which the reader will observe is very much in the spirit of some charming verses, by Mrs. Sweat, entitled "Love's CALENDAR," which appeared in a late number of THE SATURDAY PRESS:

TO MY REVIEWER.

My life is not dated by years,
For time has drawn lightly his plow,
And they say scarce a furrow appears
To reveal what I ne'er will avow.

Till the spirit is quenched, still a glow
Will fall o'er the dream of my days,
And brighten the hours as they flow
In the sunset of memory's rays.

For as long as we feel we enjoy,
And the heart sets all dates at defiance,
And forgetful of life's last alloy,
With Time makes a holy alliance.

Then talk not to me of "my age,"
I appeal from the phrase to the fact,
That I'm told in your own brilliant page
I'm still young in fun, fancy, and tact.

—SYDNEY MORRAY.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Personal.

According to the Code of Honor (Galway edition), it would be proper for me to send this week to the Editor of THE SATURDAY PRESS, a hostile message rather than my few loose leaves anent plays and players. "There is nothing, sir," said young Whiskers to me, after having had his nose pulled by a man who would not fight, "there is nothing," remarked the festive Whiskers, "like notoriety for a man." And I tacitly agreed with Whiskers, partially because I never dissent from statements of an abstract character, and partially because Whiskers was in an excited state of mind and dangerous, being bigger than I. Now I have an opportunity for notoriety. The editor of this journal has wilfully and wantonly compared the Brightest and Best of her Sex, *viddelicit* my Anna Maria, to governments, hobby-horses, lap-dogs, and things of that sort. *He* would not deprive *me* of HER! He, *Corpo di Bacco!* Of all things in the world, as the dear one would say, the idea is absurd. Whiskers *jeune*, could do it better, and she detests him, because his legs are too long for the German.

However, I am magnanimous. The race may be benefited by the Editor, and I will not sacrifice him. Go! Be happy. Anna Maria don't mind. She has managed two breakfasts, three dinners, one *bal costumé*, one *soirée* with *tableaux vivants*, and appeared as the "Bandit's Bride" at the Ferrero fancy hops. All this since last Saturday. She is light and gay. Why should I be sanguinary? I am not. I say go, Editor, in peace. Bless you!

I have correspondents, too. Several wish me to answer all sorts of impossible questions. Briefly—

I won't.

Another desires to know who I am?

Let him or her understand that I am a citizen, sheltered by the American Eagle, likewise a householder, and furthermore, I have been drawn (and quartered) on the Grand Jury. In view of the last named circumstance, let him or her tremble and beware!

An Operatic Lunch.

Piccolomini has come and gone. Here on Friday night singing to no end of opera-cloaks and myriads of white cravats; here on Saturday for the delectation of oceans of crinoline; gone on Monday to the provinces, Nor'-nor'-west and Sou'-sou'-west. What a time we had with our *soirée* and our single *matinée*! To be sure the Don Pasquale was not great, according to the critics. Not so good with Piccolomini, Maggiorotti, Fiorentini, and Lorini, at two dollars, as with Bosio, Marini, Badiali, and Salvi, at fifty cents; but while the latter sung to empty houses, the former, according to all accounts, brought seven thousand dollars to the manager's till, with a mediocre performance of an unpopular opera. Certainly, the Academy was full on last Friday and Saturday. On the last named day, Anna Maria rose at an early hour, and stationed herself in Irving Place before 12 o'clock, noon. In vain: the Brightest was heckled and elbowed into a corner by an inundation of crinoline roughs; and, as she said, was obliged to stand up from noon until after 4 o'clock. Some person of a practical turn of mind suggested that she might have gone away. The absurdity of the idea precluded [illegible] of course. The unfortunate Grandgirl [illegible] by a glance.

As for the [illegible] I never could see why it should be abused. [illegible], it seems to me, will compare favorably with any of Rossini's repertory. If not so elaborate as the Barber, it is certainly quite as amusing, and, indeed, not half so tiresome. Norina is a charming wife, and most charmingly is it expressed by Piccolomini. The way in which she abused her antique lover was glorious to behold. I have suffered the same sort of thing, and I speak by the card. As for the others, Maggiorotti (where on earth did he get that name?) was a terrible bore, about as artistic as a town-pump in dry weather; of Fiorensa, I can remember nothing but a dress-coat and a pair of legs like John Gray's compasses; Lorini managed the serenade pretty well, but sung too loud; the chorus was wretched, while the orchestra was picked up like Falstaff's forces, here, there, and everywhere.

However, let us, like Honest Sancho Panza, be thankful for what we have, and never look an opera manager in the mouth.

The Philadelphians made a great time over their benefit to Piccolomini, on Thursday week. It was not a benefit to her, exactly, but rather to an extensive pair of mutton-chop whiskers sent here by Lumley, to see that the dimes were forthcoming. However, the intention was good, and who cares for names? Not the Philadelphians, surely; not the ornament of New York society, who, in humble imitation of the Italians, sent a pair of doves from the boxes. The doves, stupid things, came to anchor half-way between the divinity and her adorer. The people laughed cruelly, and absolutely shouted, when a carpenter was sent out to "poke" the messengers of affection from their roosting place. The course of true love never did run smooth, once!

"In the Days we went a-Gipseying."

Redolent of the old country is Mr. Harvey Pearson (I came near dropping that h), who is the last star at the Broadway Theatre. Thoroughly British is Mr. Pearson. Altogether rural. Distinctly pastoral. Odorous of the Hawthorne hedge. A realisation of Herring, with quite as much poetry. He, Pearson, plays that peculiar phase of the yeoman, which libraries, lyceums, lectures, and, more than all, railways, have nearly extinguished in England. Time was, when many a well-to-do farmer, or country squire, within two hundred miles of London, lived and died, without visiting the metropolis, but low fares and express trains have broken down the barrier between the country and the town, and the Yorkshireman, and he of Lancashire, and the burly son of Somerset gradually approximate the Cockney. The time may come when the middle and lower classes of England will speak the English language universally. They don't do it now."

But let us return to our South Down, which is Pearson. *Imprimis*, I am glad he did not play *Bob Tyke*. Every Yorkshireman thinks it to be his religious duty to play *Bob Tyke*. Now, although *Bob Tyke* is a good part, there are several other good parts in "The School of Reform." I should like to see an actor in America who can play *Farmout* or *Lord Avondale*. No, Pearson was right. He appeared in an impossible two-act drama, called "The Villagers. There is a villain with very red cheeks, very black moustache, and a resplendent hat; his accomplice is a limp young man, with bushy hair, suggestive of Phalon; the limp young man has likewise a fine complexion, a shiny black frock coat, and an immense Californian diamond brooch. The limp young man wants confidence, and generally leans pensively against the wing, or looks as if he expected to be photographed, with the flat as a back ground. They talk much—these villains—in a gothic room, with no furniture whatsoever. They conspire to ruin, and do ruin a virtuous young man in a turn-down shirt collar, and no further indication of linen. The virtuous young man looks like a medical student of a serious turn of mind. He shouts in the most awful way, and tells his wife to "unhand" him a great many times. The poor thing is thrown about in the cruelest way. Just then along comes the good Samaritan in the shape of our country friend. As a matter of course he discomfits the villains; the first goes off unregenerated, but the limp one avows penitence in a weak way; the ruined man relinquishes his latch-key, and the lady "smiles again," which is all very nice and amusing, if not altogether new.

I shall not quarrel with a play, however bad, which gives me such a clever artist as Mr. Pearson. I see that some of the daily critics compare him to the late Lysander Thompson. I think he is neater and smoother in his style than Mr. Thompson; fresher, rounder, and more unctuous. In appearance he is much like Mr. Burton. He has the jolliest laugh in the world, and can sing a ballad with the best of them. I hope that Mr. Pearson will join a regular metropolitan company. He will find it more to his profit in every way than starring. He would be a very great addition to Mr. Wallack's company.

Mere Mention.

The American Cousins at Laura Keene's and Burton's, are still attractive. At the first named house, Mr. Jefferson's benefit occurs to-night; it was announced for last week, by mistake. The Western sisters are engaged at the Broadway, and Mr. Joseph Proctor is playing at the Bowery.

Hear it, O Belgravia, and May Fair! There's a man at Burton's, who plays a London Swell inbedticking trowsers!

Things that Everybody Knows.

Mr. Stoepel's "Hiawatha" is announced to be given positively on next Monday at the Academy of Music. With a fine Orchestra, good vocalists, such as Mrs. Long and Mrs. Harwood, the affair ought to be a great go.

"Our American Cousin" is announced at the National Theatre, Cincinnati. I have been requested by a large number of colonels, judges, honorables, and things of that kind, to "add by (my) presence to the brilliancy" of the ball to be given to Mr. Pike in inaugurating the Opera House, next Tuesday. Can't go so far to be brilliant for other people.

The *Evening Post* says, that, at the next Philharmonic Concert a symphony by Mr. George Bristow will be produced, and that he is to be honored with a Grand Testimonial Concert, to take place at the Academy of Music on the evening of March 8. Several choral societies will assist the Harmonic on this occasion.

Claplasson's "Fanchonette," written in '56 for Miolan-Carvalho, is to be produced at New Orleans for Cordier. Piccolomini will sing at the Orleans in March, and Musard will conduct the carnival masquerades.

Mr. Hackett has been stranded at Philadelphia, and "persuaded" to play "for one night only" (of course).

Miss J. M. Davenport is playing at Baltimore.

Somebody at the Boston Theatre tried to snub the "young ladies of the ballet," whereupon Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport took sides with the *corypháes*. The grateful angels have presented their patrons with silver nap

noli had joined the troupe, and was to make his debut in the Puritani.

Mme. Elise Biscaccianti is giving concerts in Canada. She intends soon to leave for Australia and the East Indies.

Miss Avonia Jones, daughter of the Count, Chevalier, and so on, sailed from New Orleans for San Francisco on the 5th February, without once rushing into the embrace of her *père noble*.

Mr. Thomas Barry, of the Boston Theatre, has had a benefit there, when numerous *cadeaux* were offered to him by his *employés*. Mr. Barry is a worthy old gentleman, just like the new piece in which he acted "The Last of the Pigtails;" in these days of volcanic eruptions, it is really refreshing to find a splendid fossil.

The Handel and Hayden Society of Boston commenced their 43d season on Sunday last, with "Israel in Egypt." The solo singers were Mesdames Harwood and Long; MM. Adams, Wetherbee, and Powers.

The Philharmonic Society of this city intend to build a music hall immediately. Niblo's is not large enough, and they can't agree with the Academy people. Mr. Gibson, a prominent decorator and glass stainer of this city, has, *on dit*, possession of the lots on Broadway, Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, whereupon he purposes to erect a theatre or a music hall. If a theatre, Mr. Joseph Jefferson is mentioned as the probable manager.

William Warren was in town last week with a new Salisbury. That Bohemian had again changed his lodgings. A pecuniary difference of opinion between lodger and landlord. "He left," said S., "my small account on the table, and I found it at night. He showed me that he had an eye to heed, and I immediately proved to him that I had a foot to speed. (Lady of the Lake.) Fearing accidents, I gave my Tobias to Mrs. S., saying: Hold *you* the *watch* to-night." (Hamlet).

Penco will be our next operatic sensation. She is at the Italiens, Paris, and has the best soprano voice in the world.

The theatrical statistics of the last year are interesting. The theatres of Paris received at their doors 13,878,499f. Pieces were played by 215 dramatic writers and 50 composers; in 1857 there were only 199 dramatic authors and 39 composers. The French Comedy played 78 different pieces, of which nine were new; of these 78 different pieces, eleven of Molieres were played 129 times, and nine of M. Scribe's were played 143 times. The most successful pieces of the year at this theatre were Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, which was played 86 times, and M. Scribe's Les Doigts de Fee, which was played 55 times. A good story is told of M. Louis Lurine, the new manager of the Vaudeville Theatre. As soon as he was fairly in possession of his place, an actress came tripping into his room. "My dear fellow," said she, "I am delighted to see you have this place. Come, get out pen, ink, and paper, and draw up my engagement." "Your engagement?" "Why, yes; you certainly are going to engage me?" "Indeed I am not." "You are not? Why you went to your predecessor ten times to get him to engage me, and now—" "I took care of your interests then; I take care of *mine* now."

The latest Parisian novelties are *Saint Hubert*, drama in one act (verse), by M. Boisseaux, at the Odeon; *Anguille Sous Roche*, vaudeville, in one act, by M. Jacques Lambert; *L' Ascent d'un Grec*, vaudeville, by M.M. Labriche and Lefranc.

PERSONÆ.

P. S.

Domestic Affairs.

On Monday night, M'lle Jeannette Easler, announced in the bills as "the most remarkable, elegant, graceful, expert, and daring tight-rope artist in the world"—as everything, in fact, except the daughter of Fanny—makes her first appearance at the Niblo-Circus in the gallant company of "the most distinguished London clown," Mr. (the idea of mistering a clown!) Nat. Austin.

Mrs. Kemble's last reading from Shakespeare, in New York, previous to her retirement from public life (from which, if we are not mistaken, she has retired once or twice before, having an evident distaste for it), took place last evening at Dodworth's.

The French Theatre is about completed, and is said to be a very artistic and Frenchy little affair. The subscribers are to meet there this afternoon to select their seats.

Mr. A. W. Fenno has abandoned his profession of actor for the present, and is about to give a series of lectures here and "elsewhere," on Spiritualism. A provincial editor (in Boston, we think) says that this piece of intelligence will be interesting to Mr. Fenno's many friends, though what he deals with is *immaterial!* Not bad, that, for the country.

A Mobile paper tells how an audience in that city "was entertained to the verge of a charm," by Edwin Booth's performance of Richelieu in that city. The "verge of a charm" is great.

Somebody advertises in the Boston papers, with great show of capitals, that "MRS. MACREADY IS COMING!" Who is Mrs. Macready?

Mr. Barrow and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport give a "selection of Dramatic and Poetic Readings" this evening at the Tremont Temple, Boston.

Stephen Massett has just had a complimentary benefit in Charleston, S. C., which must have been very disagreeable to all parties, as according to the newspapers, the hall in which it took place was "crowded to suffocation." Moreover, sixty young gentlemen of the Collegiate School recited Edgar A. Poe's "Chime of the Bells" with "killing effect."

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Keene the other evening, the character of 'Florence Trenchard,' in the 'American Cousin,' was assumed by Miss Marian Macarthy, who acted the part so much to the satisfaction of the audience that she was complimented by a call, before the curtain"—which, in fact, was never called at all!

At McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, a company of amateurs have been playing (or working) "The Rivals." The stage-lorn young gentlemen were announced in the bills as a "Water Street Merchant," a "Distinguished Counsellor," an "Eminent Barrister," a "Gentleman from Racine," a "Bookkeeper," etc. The performance culminated in a fancy-dance by a lady amateur, who, according to the papers, was what the *Evening Post* would call a "beautiful girl."

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes in high terms of commendation of a Shakesperian reading, lately given in West Lebanon, N. H., by Mr. Hampden Cutts, of Hartland, Vt.

Mrs. Lesdernier will give the third of a course of readings on Tuesday evening next, at Dodworth's Hall. It will be recollected that her readings were interrupted some weeks ago by the death of her two sons.

Foreign Affairs.

A letter from Riga speaks of a manuscript, in Haydn's handwriting, of a comic opera, entitled "L'Incontro Improviso," presented to the library of that town by Prince Esterhazy, when he visited it on his way to the coronation of the Emperor in 1856. Haydn was 25 years chapel-master in the Prince's family, and many of his productions still remain in manuscript in its archives.

Grisi, walking out one day in St. Petersburg with her children (for Grisi has children), encountered the Emperor, who after a gracious salute asked her, facetiously, "Are these your little *Grisettes?*" "No, Sire," was the reply. "They are my *Mario-nettes*." And *apropos* of Mario. The papers are just now gossiping about the distinguished tenor in this style:

The tenor Mario owns a villa about a mile distant from Florence, filled with all luxuries, and above all with objects of vertu and art. Though he occupies it but a few months in the year, it is generously open to visitors when he is not there, as to his numerous friends when he is; for then he lives vastly like a prince, with *Grisi* (falsely called his wife, since her husband is still living), and their four children. Mario travels like a prince—as recently, on going thence with Grisi, to meet their Paris engagement, when his suite comprised no less than fourteen carriages. Children, nurses, governess, and servants, go with them. They are as proud of their unfortunate (?) daughters, as Mademoiselle Rachel was of her sons.

Taglioni also owns, or did own, a Florentine villa, where, in earlier days, her "light fantastic toe" found rest, at intervals, among poetic hills.

Robert Brough, the dramatic author, has been compelled to appear on the boards of the Lyceum Theatre. Mrs. Keeley, who played Hector, in Brough's comic "Siege of Troy," was taken ill. No one capable of taking her place; none willing to risk it; none up in the words; manager in despair; treasurer in agony; author in a puzzle; cabinet council held, and a bottle of wine called in to assist in the conference; wine vanishes, difficulties vanish; prospects brighten; Brough finishes the bottle with, "By Jove! I shall go on in the part myself." Went on and was applauded. If he chooses to remain on the stage he seems likely to become a capital actor.

A new drama has just been successfully produced at the Lyceum, London, founded on Lamartine's Genevière, and taken from a French piece entitled Les Orphelines de Valneige. Madame Celeste has the principal part, which is that of a seamstress.

Mr. Basil Baker, one of the last remaining actors of the old school, died somewhat suddenly, about a fortnight ago, at his residence in Grove-street, Liverpool, at the age of fifty-four.

A proposition to convert the garden of the Palais Royal into a Winter garden, by means of a glass roof, has been made to the French government by M. de Bernage, and is likely to be adopted.

Ristori is at Naples. A correspondent says that her representations are thinly attended. "In addition," he observes, "to the many topics now occupying the public mind, and the general anxiety and trouble, the celebrated tragedienne has against her the party of Sadowski, her rival, who, living at Naples, is supported out of local pride."

Civilisation is invading Stamboul! According to late letters, the magnificent theatre of the Sultan has just been inaugurated in presence of his majesty, his family, and the principal dignitaries of the empire, and orders were given for the performance, on the 14th, of the comic opera of the "Scaramucia," at which time the ladies of the harem, for the first time in their lives, were to be present in the different boxes. Shouldn't we like to have been there?

A new two-act drama, "The Borgia King," by Mr. Slous, author of "The Templars," etc., has been produced at the Adelphi, London, and it is understood that an engagement is pending with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews to appear at the same theatre.

Cardinal Wiseman's drama, entitled "The Hidden Gem," has been performed at Liverpool with great success. Why wont Archbishop Hughes write one for Laura Keene's? It would certainly meet with a catholic reception.

The last dramatic novelty in England is a new comic actress, Miss Henrietta Sima. She made her debut in Tartuffe, playing the part of Elmira, which, according to the papers, she rendered with a good deal of spirit. But judging by the following item from the London *Athenæum*, the papers are not always to be relied on in such matters:

That we are not over-auspicious in declining to accept foreign vouchers in print for great successes, was anew proved to us the other day, by a letter from Paris, from a writer to be relied on,—stating that the Semiramide of Madame Penco is, what her Norma was, bad, however showy.

Signor Mongini, a tenor of foreign repute, is said to be engaged at Drury Lane for the coming Opera season.

QUELQ'UN.

LECTURES, ETC.

Mr. George W. Curtis lectured in Boston last Wednesday evening on "Democracy and Education."

The Philadelphia *City Item* says, "Mr. Everett's lecture on Franklin, judged by the Everett standard, was a failure. We have a hundred young men in Philadelphia who could have done better. As a matter of course, there were some fine things in the lecture; but taken as a whole, it was an unfinished and unsatisfactory sketch."

Dr. J. W. Palmer, of New York, lectures in the Kingston (N. Y.) course next week, on "The Grotesque and Barbaresque in Travel." A most appropriate subject for a traveling lecturer.

Rev. William R. Alger has just commenced a series of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, on "Poetical Ethics."

Dr. Henry Melville is delivering a course of five lectures before the Historical Society, on "The Vital Forces and their Correlation."

The friends of Mr. William H. Beebe, Agent of the Cooper Institute, have tendered to him a complimentary benefit, to be held in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, next Tuesday evening, upon which occasion Mayor Tiemann will preside, and an Oration will be delivered by the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, on "The Heroic Women of Seventy-six." Who shall say, after this, that the Americans have no respect for age?

Lola Montez is delivering her series of lectures in the North of England, with great success.

Governor Banks is to deliver an Oration before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, next Tuesday evening, in honor of the birthday of Washington.

Rev. John Lord is delivering a series of lectures in Philadelphia, on "The Great Representatives of Modern Civilization," among whom are included Columbus, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Bacon, Richelieu, and Cromwell.

The Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder, M.D., of India, delivered a lecture at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, last Thursday evening, on Hindoo Medical Science and Practice, and the Value of Medical Knowledge as an Auxiliary to the Missionary Works.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press,

For the week ending February 19, 1859.

A Treatise on Human Physiology, Designed for the use of Students and Practitioners of Medicine. By John C. Dalton, Jr., M.D., Professor of Physiology and Microscopic Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; member of the New York Academy of Medicine; of the New York Pathological Society; of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, Mass.; and of the Biological Department of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. With 254 illustrations. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea, 1859.

The Churchman's Monthly Magazine. A Repository of Religious, Literary, and Entertaining Knowledge for the Christian Family. February, 1859. New York: Edward P. Allen, 9 Spruce street.

Southwold: A Novel. By Mrs. Lillie Devereux Umsted. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 1859.

Erie: or Little by Little. A Tale of Rosiyn School. By Frederick W. Farrar, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 1859.

American Agriculturalist for February, 1859. New York: Orange Judd.

The Empire of Austria; its Rise and Present Power. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Mason Brothers. 1859.

The Southern Literary Messenger, Vol. 29, No. 2, for February, 1859. Richmond, Va.: Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co.

The Printer. A Monthly Newspaper devoted to the interests of the Art Preservative of all Arts. February, 1859. New York: Henry & Huntington.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— Why do we have Hecuiagtalus, since Z. Z. is still at large? For no sane man would expect us to print such wretched stuff as he sends us. It is true that every line begins with a capital—but why?

— *H. F. V.*'s new version is quite successful, and makes a very pretty little puzzle. We regret that we cannot say as much for his second attempt. Castling problems, besides being hardly legitimate, have already become stale. Blank diagrams can be obtained at the office of the *Chess Monthly*, 49 Nassau street.

— There are many good points in the old translation of Vida's *Scacchia Ludus*, made by G. B., and printed in 1597. It opens thus:

"Fond shapen of warre and fained fight,
Loo heare woe doe report;
Woe tell of soudiers fraunde of best,
And Battailes fought in sport."

After the invention of the game by the gods, we learn how it was communicated to mortals:

"And Mercury, long afterward,
In trauell, as I gesse,
Did touch the man of Italie
To play this game at Chesse.
For hauling on th' Italian shore,
As ancient stories tell,
He spied by chance a lovely dame
That like him passing well,
And seeing her, and liking her,
He loved her without:
This was a brave Devision sprogh,
Whence Stanchio man did soil."

The winged messenger of the deities condescended to teach the sport to this maiden,

"And taught her cunning in the same
To play the game by arte,

"Which after to the country swaines
This lady did impart;
Who taught their late posterite
To vse this kinde of play,
A game of great antiquitie
Still vsed at this day."

— The learned Daines Barrington, as far back as the year 1789, conclusively proved that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew nothing about the game of chess. He diligently examined all the passages of the classical writers relating to the *Petteia* of the Greeks, and to the *Calculi* and *Latrunculi* of the Latins, and the results of his thorough investigations have since been adopted by all chess authors. His treatise was in the form of a letter addressed to that fine player Count von Brühl, and inserted in volume IX. of the *Archæologia* of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of London.

— The last number of the *Missouri Democrat* contains an interesting and finely written biographical sketch of Mr. Eugene B. Cook, the distinguished problem-composer and problem-critic.

— In France it was seriously proposed, during the royalty-hating fever of the first revolution, to alter the names of the chess-men thus: the King, *le Drapeau*; the Queen, *l'Adjutant*; the Rooks, *les Canons*; the Bishops, *les Volontaires*; the Knights, *les Dragons*; and the Pawns, *l'Infanterie*. Not to be outdone, an ardent Republican of our own country, who edited an edition of Philidor at Boston in 1805, proposes the following change:

Old Names.	New Names.
King,	Governor.
Queen,	General.
King's Rook,	First Colonel.
King's Bishop,	First Major.
King's Knight,	First Captain.
Queen's Rook,	Second Colonel.
Queen's Bishop,	Second Major.
Queen's Knight,	Second Captain.
Pawn,	Pioneer.

— Twiss says that Dryden, in one of his plays, speaking of a hero who had never been conquered, styles him "the unchecktmated man."

— A late number of the *Utica Morning Herald* contains a chess poem of considerable merit, entitled *The Pawn*. The author is Mr. C. S. Percival, of Buffalo.

— *Nicodemus*, with praiseworthy promptitude, hastens to inform us that he has just come across a half-starved son of Erin who is constantly playing chess, in the vain hope of *discovering mate*.

— That important, influential, and never-to-be-sufficiently-listened-to sheet, the *Lynn News*, now and then contains a fierce attack on our young hero, Paul Morphy. The modern St. Crispins who conduct the *News* affect to be excessively outraged at the fact that Mr. Morphy consents to play matches for money. Let us imagine, O men of shoemaking Lynn! (if so gentle a faculty as imagination can find a place in your starnly moral natures), that Paul Morphy had gone to England, and written thus to St. George:

"*Dear St. George*:—I, a youthful and comparatively unknown player from across the ocean, am desirous of contesting a match with you in order to prove to the world that I am the better chess man. At the same time, acting under the advice of a certain distinguished press, in a certain distinguished town, I never play for stakes—not even of beef. When shall we meet? PAUL MORPHY."

Is it not probable that, while one-half of the world was laughing at the impudence of the Yankee, St. George would reply thus:

"*My Dear Morphy*:—When you are at Rome, learn to do as the Romans do. ST. GEORGE."

But this is not the only fault which our friends have discovered. They do not approve of Mr. Paulsen's method of conducting his blindfold play. We are very sorry that Mr. Morphy and Mr. Paulsen do not please the *Lynn News*. We have no doubt that both those gentlemen constantly spend their time in studying how they shall so shape their lives as to meet with the approval of so eminent a censor.

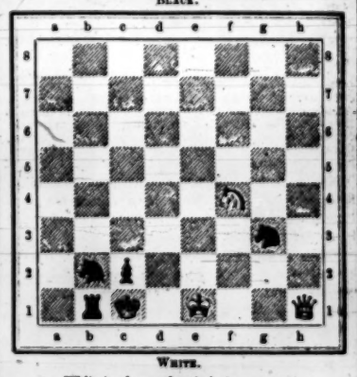
— The key-move to the STELLA Problem is 1. K d3—c2.

— We have examined this week the strategems of the following journals: *Frank Leslie's*, 183, *Lynn News*, 51 (incorrectly numbered 50), and *Cincinnati Dispatch*, 35, are by S. L., and apparently correct. *Syracuse Standard*, 71, by E. B. C., is excellent. *Wisconsin Republican*, 42, by F. H., is faulty, and 43, by J. G., is easy. *Spirit of the Times*, 35, by R. B. W. (from *The Field*), correct but simple. *Harper's Weekly*, 15, by J. G., is accurate. *Missouri Democrat* gives E. B. C.'s first conception. *Baltimore Dispatch*, 34, by A., is unsound. *Evening Bulletin*, 18, by A. K., is sound and fair. *Philadelphia Mercury*, 37, by N. C. R., is very good. *The Era*, 347, by C. B., is not sound. *News of the World*, 13, by F. H., is an elegant position.

PROBLEM NO. 17.

By Mr. H. F. V., of New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

PAUL MORPHY'S NEXT COMPETITOR.

As considerable interest has been excited in the public mind in regard to Mr. Morphy's next opponent, Mr. Max Lange, and his chess strength, we give below one of his games with Professor Andersen, played in 1851. Mr. Lange is the author of several critical works on chess of great ability, and has played during the last four or five years against all the leading athletes of Germany with marked success. He possesses an acute and metaphysical mind, and wields a ready pen. At present he resides in Berlin, where he conducts the celebrated *Schachzeitung*, the best of chess periodicals. The following contest is an elegant specimen of the *Bishop's Gambit*:

Lange.	Anderssen.
1. e2—e4	e7—e5
2. f2—f4	e5—f4
3. B f1—c4	Q d8—h4†
4. K e1—f1	q7—g5
5. Kt b1—c3	B f8—g7
6. d2—d4	Kt g6—e7
7. g2—g3	f4—g3

This seventh move of the first player leads to a beautiful combination, which we owe to the brilliant inventive talent of M'Donnell.

8. K f1—g2	Q	h4—h6	
9. h3—g3:	Q	h6—g6	
10. Kt g1—f3		h7—h5	
11. R h1—f1		0—0	

A stronger move for Black is R h8—f8.

12. Kt f3—e5	B	g7—e5:	
13. d4—e5:	Kt	b8—c6	
14. B f1—f8	Q	g6—g7	
15. Q d1—h5	Kt	c6—e5:	

Here the second player would have acted more prudently, perhaps, if he had played K g6—h7, although in that case White might have maintained his attack by B c1—e3, followed by R a1—f1.

16. R f8—h8:	Kt	e5—c4:
17. B c1—g5:	Kt	c7—e6
18. Kt e3—d5	Kt	c4—e3†
19. B g5—e3:		d7—d6
20. R a1—h1	R	f8—e8
21. B e3—d4		

And Professor Andersen resigns. The position at the termination forms an excellent study, which we commend to the examination of our readers.

STRATEGEMS FOR TYROS.

Mr. Samuel Loyd has very kindly selected from his own original problems the following two-move enigmas, and placed them at the disposal of the SATURDAY PRESS. Persons not far advanced in chess will find them useful subjects of study.

I.

WHITE.—K g7, Q h5, R d4, Kt f5.
BLACK.—K e6, Rs f1 and h3, Kt h1, Ps e6 and e7.
White mates in two moves.

II.

WHITE.—K h3, Q e7, R a5, Kts b4 and c3, Ps f3 and h4.
BLACK.—K e6, B c6, Ps e6 and f3.
White mates in two moves.

III.

WHITE.—K f5, Q a3, B d4, Kts c1 and c3, P e4.
BLACK.—K d4, Q b4, Rs d2 and e7, B a1, Kts b4 and h5, Ps c2, c4, c5, f3, and g5.
White mates in two moves.

IV.

WHITE.—K e1, Q h5, Rs f8 and h5, Bs e6 and b4, Kts f5 and h5, Ps b3, c3, c6, d6, g6 and g6.
BLACK.—K e6, Q a7, B h3, Ps c2, c5, c4, and g4.
White mates in two moves.

V.

WHITE.—K c1, Q h3, R f3, Kts b3 and c7, Ps a3, b5, and c5.
BLACK.—K c3, Q c5, B c4, Kts a5 and c6, Ps b3, h7, and f3.
White mates in two moves.

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A complete success.—[National Magazine.
Magical in operation.—[Mrs. Stephens' Monthly.
It is eminently superior.—[Dictionary of Mechanics.
Beyond all question, the machines.—[Life Illustrated.
The stitch cannot be unravelled.—[Am. Agriculturist.
They maintain the pre-eminence.—[Express.
Saves the time and health of ten women.—[Water Cure.
Our household is in ecstacies with it.—[Porter's Spirit.
Its superiority is unquestioned.—[Freeman's Journal.
Its superiority is obvious.—[Household Words.
Hand sewing cannot equal it.—[The Tablet.
Supply the fashionable world.—[Daily News.
Are pre-eminently superior.—[Ladies' Visitor.
One of the household gods.—[U. S. Journal.
Unrivalled in every quality.—[Day Book.
It has no superior.—[Dispatch.
Pretty, useful, magical.—[Leslie's Gazette.
Have no equal in family use.—[Musical World.
The best suited for sewing.—[Mining Journal.
Combine every requirement.—[Family Magazine.
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We entirely prefer them.—[Mother's Journal.
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I regard it as the best instrument I have seen, for neatness, variety, rapidity, and beauty of performance. Its introduction among the families of our land, will be a benefaction and a blessing to mothers and daughters.
REV. D. G. ARNOTT, Spingler Institute.

There is but one Sewing Machine, and that is Wheeler & Wilson's. JUDGE MEIGS, of the American Institute.

The most practical invention adapted to common use.—*Com. Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore.*

It will work as great a change in the family, as railroads have in States. HON. N. P. BANKS.

The machine has given the highest satisfaction. It is indeed a household treasure. It runs with ease and velocity, makes a beautiful stitch, and has not once got out of repair.
T. S. ARTHUR, Arthur's Home Magazine.

GOOD NEWS.—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use, and for manufactures in the same range of purpose and material. During the present Autumn the trials have been numerous, and all the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler & Wilson machine has won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five ladies of the highest social standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

THE HUMAN HAIR.

How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *Alcoholic washes*, and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair, is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.
It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes the healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER A HALF PINT BOTTLE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIALS.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.: I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil (*Cocoaine*).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

Price, 50 Cents a Half-pint Bottle.

For sale by dealers generally. Prepared by

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
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BRADY'S GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS,

AMBROTYPES AND DAGUERREOTYPES.

643 & 359 Broadway, cor. of Bleecker-

Was the Atlantic Cable a Humbug?

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

This work of huge pretensions, and of evanescent glory, which was born and died amid one and the same roar of cannon, and in the light of the same rocket, rests in the popular mind of the two would-be-conjoined continents, beneath the significant epitaph of the amazed infant:—

"since I have been so soon done for,
I wonder what I was begun for?"

But we are inclined to think the innocence of the short-lived infant will not rest upon the memory of the Cable Telegraph Company.

On the contrary, an absurd public confidence—a maltreated public generosity and sympathy, have demands upon the cable company and its officers, on both sides of the Atlantic, for explanations of what *seem* to be grave doubts upon the integrity of their dealings with the public.

The proofs seem to point unerringly to a studied system of fraud and imposition, which could have had the only motive of an unwarranted speculation in the sale of the company's stock to the unsuspecting and uninitiated, both in this country and abroad.

The arrival of the *Arabia* at New York, with English papers to the 7th of August, furnished the New York papers with the following among other significant extracts about the cable stock:—

"From the London *Shipping Gazette* (City Article), Aug. 5.—Atlantic Telegraph shares which were *yesterday* down to £300, have *to-day* risen up to £800 to £1000."

It is said, upon high authority, as a fact, and to be susceptible of incontrovertible proof, that Mr. Cyrus W. Field had £75,000, or $375,000, of the stock of the cable company, subject to the condition of *not being sold until the cable should have been successfully laid;* and that other parties, on the other side of the Atlantic, had large *loanes* of that stock under similar restrictions.

The London *Times* of the 6th of August, says:—"The financial and general position of the Atlantic Telegraph Company now appears to be as follows: Their original paid-up capital was £350,000, and this has since been increased to £450,000, an additional £31,000 having been raised a short time back, and £75,000 in shares, having been created TO BE HANDED OVER, IN PAYMENT FOR THE EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES *assigned to the Company, immediately on the* SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF THE UNDERTAKING. Although the amount for participation in dividends is £456,000, the capital actually received is £381,000," showing the bonus account to Mr. Field and others to have been £75,000, or $375,000.

In a memorial presented to Congress, in March, 1858, by Hon. Amos Kendall and others, Committees of the Magnetic and Union Telegraph Companies, the following historical gem of the cable company, *on this side of the Atlantic*, is in this connection not uninstructive:—

The stock of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was raised, at least in part, upon the representations of a Circular marked ["Private"]. The amount of stock was fixed at £300,000, since increased to £350,000, equal to about $1,700,000.

That Circular represented that "upon a very moderate computation of profits, the capital will yield a return exceeding 40 per cent."

These profits are not to be divided among all the Stockholders in the ordinary way; but one-half of the amount over ten per cent. is to go to four individuals, three of them British subjects, and one of them a citizen of the United States.

That citizen is the gentleman who procured the Act of the Legislature of Newfoundland, incorporating the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company; the same who got up the American Telegraph Company; the same who doubtless originated the present plan of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; and the same who is now said to be entrusted with the duty of superintending the laying of the Atlantic Cable.

Of the one-half of the profits over ten per cent. this gentleman is to receive *thirteen parts* out of *twenty-four*, which, if the estimate of profits as held out to subscribers shall be realized, will give him an annual income exceeding $120,000, in addition to 25 per cent. upon his stock in common with other stockholders.

As this estimate was promulgated before application was made to Congress for assistance, and there was no mention of any bounty from the British Government, it would seem that the eight per cent. per annum said to be secured from the two Governments for a term of years was not included in the forty per cent. estimate, and while four per cent. of it is to go to swell the dividends of the stockholders beyond twenty-five per cent., the other four is to be divided—thirteen parts to the American citizen, and eleven parts to the British subjects hereinbefore alluded to.

The public have certainly been informed of one other *bonus* to Mr. Whitehouse, the chief, and *Valentia* electrician of the Company, amounting to £12,000, or $60,000.*

It would not be without its significance to the public if the Company officers were made to disclose, how many, to whom, and in what sums, *bonuses* were distributed, anterior to the reputed laying of the cable.

Such facts might furnish a satisfactory solution of the *motives* of many of the official and semi-official representations that have been made respecting the cable.

The first general fact, however, that startles every mind that investigates, is, that *no representation made on the English side of the Atlantic, respecting either the laying, or the working of the cable, is found consistent with the representation of the same fact, made public on the American side of the Atlantic;* which indicates, that while there was a concert *upon generalities*, there has been a *disagreement upon particulars;* proving the want of honesty in the matter among the immediate actors.

Thus, as to the landing of the cable at Valentia:—Turn to any of the American city papers of August 6th, and this despatch will be found dated at Trinity Bay, where Mr. Cyrus W. Field then was, viz:—

"TRINITY BAY, August 5th.

The *Agamemnon* arrived at Valentia, Ireland, yesterday, and landed her end of the cable. The *Niagara* landed her end here to-day. The electric current is perfect, and signals pass freely."

The above despatch is reported as received at Boston, New York, etc., at 5 P.M. of August 5th, making the cable landed at Valentia on the 4th of August. Every body was led to suppose the fact to have been derived from Valentia over the cable.

Now for the other side of the Atlantic:—In the London papers of August 6th is published a telegram from Mr. Whitehouse of that date, from Valentia, saying:—"The end of the cable was landed safely close by the pier at Kingstown, yesterday afternoon, the paddle-box boat of the *Valorous* conveying it."

These statements disagree to the extent of one whole day—Trinity Bay reporting on the 5th of August, that the landing of the cable at Valentia had been made on the 4th of August, and Valentia reporting that the cable was not landed until the afternoon of the 5th of August.

This was good guessing; but not exactly accurate telegraphing! But it was a "good enough Morgan" upon which to raise public confidence in the value of the cable company's stock, through the simultaneous furor excited over both continents, by the associated Press monopoly of the Telegraph.

In connection with this last sentiment, it may be well to bear in mind a despatch published in the Boston and other papers of the associated Press, in other cities, dated as follows:—

"OFFICE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY,
TRINITY BAY, August 27th, P. M.

"The only news despatches thus far received through the Atlantic Cable, have been addressed to the agent of the Associated Press, New York. No special or private despatches of European News have been passed over this line to any other address, and none will be until after the cable shall have been thrown open to the public."

But now comes a more astounding piece of testimony.

By the arrival of the mail steamer *Niagara*, with European news to the 11th of September, the following will be found among the published extracts of New York, and other city papers, from the London papers, viz:—

"Lieutenant Francis Higginson, R. N., writes to the *Daily News*:—'The telegraph cable was broken in the attempt to submerge it on the 29th of July, at 7 3-4, P. M., between the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara*, when electrical signals *immediately* and *finally* ceased; nor were the broken ends of the cable ever afterwards recovered or repaired.' It is therefore needless to say, that no message of any kind whatever, public or private, ever could have been actually passed along the telegraph wire rope, between Ireland and Newfoundland."

"I have nothing to do with *motives*, but am at any time prepared to produce evidence, on oath, by eyewitnesses, to substantiate the facts herein defined, and until that can be done, request you will this disabuse the public of a dangerous delusion, into which it has been generally and unavoidably misled; it being almost impossible to credit the extent to which individual oppression and popular deception have been carried."

The curious will find in the Boston *Courier* of the 27th of October last, a report from the London *Star* of the 15th of October, brought out in the steamer *Persia*, of an extraordinary scene at the Guild Hall Police Court in London, on the complaint of Lieut. Higginson, against the Cable Company, upon an alleged fraud by the Company upon him, as a £1,000 stockholder, he alleging the whole operation to have been fraudulent.

But in confirmation of Lieut. Higginson there comes a startling admission of nearly the same fact, from an indisputable source.

On the 21st of September, Mr. Saward, Secretary of the Cable Company, published, officially, the report of Mr. "Varley, the electrician to the Electric and International Telegraph Company," adding of him as follows:—"He is one of the gentlemen who have been consulted by the Board, in reference to the present state of the Atlantic Cable."

In this report to the Directors, Mr. Varley, after describing his tests and opinions of the defects in the cable, says:—

"From authentic data shown me at Valentia, I am of opinion, that there was a fault on board the *Agamemnon before the cable was submerged*, at a distance of about 560 miles from one end, and 640 from the other." He then gives the data referred to, and proceeds as follows:—

"I am also informed that the currents through the cable, *even* immediately after it was submerged, were so weak that relays* were required, and that not one perfect message was recorded by them—everything that was received being read from the deflection of a galvanometer.

"The inference, by rough calculation, therefore, is, that there was a fault, offering a resistance equal to 1000 or 1200 miles of cable, situated at a distance about 560 miles from one end of the 1200 miles coil on board the *Agamemnon*.

"This, however, cannot be the fault first alluded to, situated at about 270 miles from Valentia, but may have been the one which caused such alarm when the ships were 500 miles from Ireland, and when the signals ceased altogether, and never certainly recovered."

Now upon this evidence we do not undertake to say, the cable was *not laid* from Valentia to Trinity Bay; for, we believe it was *laid*, under a determination of Mr. Field, and his associate, Mr. Bright, to lay it, *happen what might;* and if it worked, or if it did not work, it was bound to be a success! Seventy-five thousand pounds (equal to $375,000) of gratuitous stock was pending on one side, and twelve thousand pounds (equal to $60,000) in Mr. Whitehouse's, the Valentia electrician's hands, were pending on that success, on the other side; and how much the now Sir Charles Bright had suspended for its value on the same demonstration of success, has not yet been expressly made known to the public.

Now we do not undertake to say that the cable was not laid without a break of the inside wires, although of this we have some doubts, independent of Lieut. Higginson's positive assurance, and of Mr. Varley's report, already cited. But these doubts we will not now stop to elucidate or justify.

But, what we do maintain is, that *reliable* and *unimpeachable evidence is wanting*, that one solitary intelligible sentence ever passed upon the cable from either continent to the other, or that there ever has been an available, manageable, practical electric current pass upon the cable, equal to any intelligible result, beyond that which is conveyed in the hoot of an owl, or the howl of a wolf. All which the current that has so passed, ever meant, or that in meaning it ever conveyed, was, that an electric current was there, and that it came and disappeared from what, to its managers, have been and still are, in appearances, wholly inexplicable causes, and in defiance of all practical results.

Now as to the testimony.

Mr. Whitehouse is the only man who has vouched to the public, upon the pretence of actual knowledge at the Valentia station, that a single sign of intelligence was ever communicated from Trinity Bay to Valentia upon the Cable.

Of Mr. Whitehouse, we ourselves know nothing. But we do know, however, that he stands impeached in his character for truthfulness, and convicted of duplicity, by the reports made to the public by the Board of Directors, over the signature of the Secretary, Mr. George Saward.

We now allude, specifically, to Mr. Whitehouse's published letters of Sept. 6th and 15th, on one side, and the flat refutation of them by the Directors, in their published answer thereto.

Then again, Mr. Whitehouse is flatly impeached in many of his representations, by Mr. J. W. Brett, one of the Company Directors, in his reply, dated Sept. 22, to Mr. Whitehouse's letters.

It would make this article too tedious to the general reader to array these impeachments in detail here; and yet, if the cable company elect to rest their reputed success upon Mr. Whitehouse's testimony, the proof of their own exhibition against his veracity will be produced, to put their defence upon a proper consideration with the public.

Upon the Trinity Bay side, the company's only witness, known to the public, that any sign of intelligence of greater import than we have indicated above, ever came there over the cable from Valentia, is the Frenchman, De Santy or De Sauty, who has ever been, and still is, to the American public at least, a sort of myth—not sufficiently identified to be yet known by a positive name, or his reality to be positively credited. Hence, in his sympathy with the nervousness of the public feeling in respect to this mysterious personage, one of the staid New England Editors thus gave vent at one time to his impatience:

"Thou operator, silent, glum,
Why will you act so naughty?
Do tell us what your name is, come—
De Santy, or De Sauty.

"Don't think to humbug, any more,
Shut up there in your shanty,
But solve the problem once for all—
De Sauty, or De Santy?"

We have yet to learn that any satisfactory response has ever been made to this earnest imploration of our New England editor, from the historical "Cyrus Station," or from Cyrus himself; so that all is dark and mysterious as ever around the questionable personage. But we will show ere we finish, that much as Mr. Whitehouse has been proved by his Board of Directors, unreliable and untrustworthy, the Frenchman at Trinity Bay is equally destitute of all claim to the public confidence in this matter; and yet, what motive he could have had for deceiving the public, independent of the service put upon him by the officers of the Company (or, for its *quid pro quo*), and independent of that motive which is to be found in the stock bonuses, held conditionally upon establishing a certain success, by certain parties, has not yet been made known to the public.

Then comes one other witness, who has spoken for, and in the name of the whole board, as to the working of the cable. We mean Mr. George Saward, their Secretary. If he does not fall of all claim to credit by the public, when we shall have finished our exhibits, we will admit all our positions of disbelief in the success of the cable, beyond the fact of its being laid in the waters of the ocean, full; and that Whitehouse, and the Frenchman at Trinity Bay, and George Saward, and Mr. Field, and all the others immediately concerned in the *bonus* of the Cable Company's stock, are "all honorable men."

And, first and foremost, let us advert to one piece of evidence that seems to have fastened itself on the public mind as conclusive of the successful working of the cable. We mean the reputed report through the cable, to Valentia and in London, on the day following of the collision, which took place off Cape Race, on the coast of Newfoundland, of the steamship *Europa*, bound from Boston to Liverpool, with the steamship *Arabia*, bound from Liverpool to New York.

That no such report was so made, either at Valentia, or in London, on the next day, nor on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th day succeeding the accident, is a fact, which, if established, will put to shame this falsely reputed achievement of the cable.

Now for the facts. If any one will turn to the card published over the signatures of forty-five of the passengers of the *Arabia*, on her arrival at New York, he will be satisfied the collision took place "about 11 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, August 14, off Cape Race."

If he will again turn to any of the London daily papers of Saturday, August the 21st, being the 7th day *after the collision*, he will there find in startling capitals this announcement:

"THE FIRST NEWS MESSAGE
by the
ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.
Collision in the Atlantic between
The *Europa* and *Arabia*."

Then follows, over George Saward's official signature as Secretary, an alleged despatch, said to have been received by the directors on the preceding (Friday) evening, that "the *Europa* and *Arabia* have had a collision"—and another, also, that the collision took place "on Saturday last." Thus was this news six days and six nights old before it reached Valentia, and in its seventh day before it was published in London.

Now turn to the shipping reports of any city paper, and it will there be found that the Quebec and Galway steamers are almost sure of making their voyages from the coast of Newfoundland to Ireland in less time than was taken to get this news to London over the Atlantic cable!*

A great feat this, surely, and worthy of a knighthood to Mr. Charles Bright, and a burning down of the City Hall of New York, to add eclat to an ovation in honor of Mr. Cyrus W. Field!

But, unexplained, it was "a good enough Morgan" to prove the Atlantic Cable a success, and to release £75,000 of stock from restrictions upon its sale!

Yet, what says the Trinity Bay Frenchman, about this collision message?

A despatch in the New York *Tribune* of August 26th, will answer. That paper says—"The following despatches from Trinity Bay and Carbonear, were received on Friday morning by Cyrus W. Field, Esq.

"CARBONEAR, Thursday, Aug. 19, 1858.
The cable is working beautifully to-day. I reached Cyrus station this evening. A. MACKAY."

"TRINITY BAY, Aug. 19, 1858.
We sent a very explicit message this morning to Mr. Melvor, of Cunard steamers in Liverpool, respecting the disaster to the steamship *Europa*. DE SAUTY."

Now if this was true, it was five days after the disaster—not on the next day, that De Sauty sent the news, and if it was true, moreover, in being sent on Thursday, the 19th, it was certainly all that day, and all the next, in getting over the cable to Valentia, for the Secretary, Saward, says this news was received on the evening of Friday the 20th!

The consistency of these two witnesses is on a par with that of the Trinity Bay report on the 5th of August, that the cable had been landed on the day before (4th) at Valentia, while the Valentia report when received by steamer, established the fact, that it was not landed until the afternoon of the 5th. There is only a discrepancy of one day and one night between these witnesses in each case; or, if no discrepancy be admitted, we must take the statements as proofs positive, that it takes one day and one night for a message started at one end of the cable to reach the other end!

But we will now proceed to other extraordinary evidences of the tax that has been imposed on the public, evidently by the managers of the Ocean Cable. We have already given incontrovertible testimony, in a note to this article, that five days and sixteen hours has become ample time for even the Winter voyages of the Galway steamers, between Ireland and Newfoundland; and we now state it as an additional fact, requiring explanation from the cable managers, that every important event, which they have professed to have transmitted from Europe to America, has been six days and upwards old on its arrival in this country, and so old enough in each case to have been brought by Galway or Quebec steamers, and obtained off Cape Race? What are the striking events with which these managers have thus attempted to arrest public attention in this country, under the pretence of their having been transmitted across the Atlantic with lightning speed?

The message from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, will be remembered as one of remarkable emphasis, causing the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, burning of rockets, orations by grave senators, and sermons by enthusiastic clergymen, and the drinking of extra toasts at every clubhouse, and winding up with the burning of the City Hall of the commercial metropolis of the United States!

The announcement of a treaty of peace concluded by China with England and France, was another magnificent achievement by the cable managers, striking the gaping masses of newspaper readers throughout the United States with new and unmeasured astonishment, and paralyzing all the old-fashioned calculations of mercantile men.

If it should turn out, in the proofs we are about to submit, that, notwithstanding the official solemnity with which the former message was surrounded in its announcement to the public on both sides of the Atlantic, the whole reported transmission was a stupendous fraud and imposition upon the credulity of the world, and that the latter China peace message was old enough in the European prints, before the pretended receipt of it here by the Cable Telegraph, to have crossed the Atlantic in some Galway or Quebec steamer, the public will hardly require us to go into other proofs, that all the other pretensions of the Cable managers have been gross humbugs.

1st—Let us present to the reader the facts in respect to the Queen's message. In the London papers of August 18, 1858, was addressed to the respective editors, under date of August 17, an official communication of what purports to have transpired on the previous day, viz: August 16, and as follows:

To the Editor of the Morning Post:

Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that the line from Valentia to Newfoundland is now working satisfactorily both ways. The following message was despatched yesterday evening from the Directors in England to the Directors in America:

"Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

This message, including the addresses of senders and receivers, occupied 35 minutes in transmission, and consisted of 31 words. Immediately afterwards a message from Her Majesty the Queen to His Excellency the President of the United States, consisting of 99 words, was received by Newfoundland in 67 minutes. Both messages were repeated back to Valentia to test their accuracy, and were found to have been taken with great exactness. Of course, neither gentleman was given the contents of Her Majesty's despatch* to the public.

This morning we had the following message, the last 98 words of which were received in 23 minutes, from Cyrus W. Field, who is at Newfoundland:

"Cyrus W. Field, Newfoundland, to Directors Atlantic Telegraph Company, London.—Newfoundland, Sunday.—Entered Trinity Bay, noon of the 5th. Landed cable on the 6th. On Thursday morning duly at once to St. John's. Three miles of shore cable, with coal ready for splicing.

"When was cable landed at Valentia? Answer by telegraph and forward by letter to New York."

It will thus be seen that the first message capable of being worked with speed from end to end of the Ocean cable proved, as capably as is consistent with the principle of proper system, to make the discovery unfavorable for accepting the communication to the public; in doing which, however, some delay must necessarily occur. Yours truly,

GEORGE SAWARD, Secretary and Manager.

Chief Office, 21 Old Broad street,
London, August 17.

The subsequence of the above information would seem to admit of no plea of either ignorance or misinformation, on the part of the managers of the cable. It gives not only the day, but the number of minutes employed in the wonderful achievement; and the exact number of words that crossed the ocean on the wire during those now historically memorable minutes! But contrast with that, our cable managers meant not to leave the public without the most complete test, that no imposition had been practised by the freaks of the lightning in the ocean upon the senses of those managers; and hence, they state for a further fact, that the two messages were repeated back to Valentia from Trinity Bay, and were found to have been received at Trinity Bay with "great exactness!" And all this on the 16th of August.

Let us now glance at the facts bearing the same date of August 16th, 1858, on this side of the Atlantic. On the afternoon of that day the rumor ran throughout the country, on the lightning of the "associated press," that a message from the Directors in Europe to the Directors in America, and the Queen's message to the President, had come over the cable; and on the following morning every newspaper in the land screamed in triumphant capitals thus:

"THE OCEAN CABLE SPEAKS!"

The following despatches were then given as the genuine transmissions of the cable, viz:

CONGRATULATORY MESSAGE
FROM THE DIRECTORS IN ENGLAND TO THE DIRECTORS IN AMERICA.

CYRUS STATION, N. F., Aug. 16.

To the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, New York:

Europe and America are united by Telegraph.

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will towards Men."

[Signed.]

DIRECTORS ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, GREAT BRITAIN.

MESSAGES
of the
QUEEN OF ENGLAND,
and of the
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
As Transmitted over the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

To the Hon. the President of the United States:

Her Majesty desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The meagreness of the Queen's message, and being without date, arrested public attention; and doubts of the authenticity of it were very generally expressed. And yet, simultaneously with its publication on the 17th of August, the President's reply, under date of the 16th, was given, and imparted to the alleged Queen's message the aspect of a reality. We will remark in this connection that we have heard from a seemingly reliable source, that the President had been furnished, informally, several weeks before, with a copy of the Queen's contemplated message; and on receiving the fragment above given, he questioned its authenticity, and did not consent to furnish his answer until he had sent to the Department of State and obtained the informal copy above named; and that he entrusted the reply to the care of Peter Cooper, Esq., on the condition that it should not be forwarded until the whole of the Queen's message should be furnished.

Certain it is that Mr. Cooper caused to be published the following message, as having been transmitted by him to the President:

"NEW YORK, August 17.

To the Honorable, the President of the United States:

I beg to transmit a message, this moment received from Trinity Bay, explaining the cause which prevented the whole of the Queen's message being telegraphed from Valentia, yesterday.

Shall we consider your message to her majesty a full reply, and date it this day accordingly? The operators at Trinity Bay await your answer. PETER COOPER."

Thus we have Mr. Cooper's evidence that the Queen's message was not transmitted from Valentia to Trinity Bay, on the 16th of August, in "sixty-seven minutes," and "consisting of ninety-nine words," as solemnly announced in the London papers by the secretary of the cable managers.

Thus we have the evidence of Mr. Cooper that the Queen's message of ninety-nine words was not repeated back to Valentia to test its accuracy, on the 16th of August, and found to have been taken with "great exactness" on that day at Trinity Bay!

Have the public been humbugged by the Cable managers, or have they not? If they were cheated on the 16th day of August, who can say when the cheat ceased? But let us turn to the explanation referred to in Mr. Cooper's message to the President.

It was published in the papers on the 18th of August as follows:—

"ST. JOHNS, N. F., Aug. 17.

The reception of the Queen's message was commenced early yesterday morning, and not finished until this morning; but it was stopped for several hours to allow of repairs to the cable. The fragment of the message transmitted yesterday was handed to the Newfoundland line as the genuine entire message, and was supposed to be such until this morning."

Who is to be believed—Saward, in London, or De Sauty, at Trinity Bay? Have the cable managers humbugged the public? We forbear comment, but rather let the public judge.

Now as to the China news: On the 28th of August the papers of the country teemed again with glaring capitals, thus:—

ELEVEN DAYS
LATER FROM EUROPE,
—VIA—
ATLANTIC CABLE.
HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.
TREATY OF PEACE CONCLUDED WITH ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
LATER FROM INDIA.

Office Associated Press,
BOSTON, Aug. 26.

The following news has just been received from Europe via Trinity Bay:—

TRINITY BAY, N. F., Aug. 26.

The following news has just been received from Valentia, Ireland. DE SAUTY.

"A treaty of peace has been concluded with China, in which indemnification has been secured to England and France.

Later India news has been received—Bombay dates to 19th July having reached England. The mutiny in that country is being rapidly quelled."

To prove the above information contained in Bombay dates to the 19th of July to have been something more than six days old in London at the time when the cable managers represented it as having come with lightning speed from that city over their cable, it is only necessary for the reader to turn to the London *Morning Chronicle* of the 20th of August, in which he will read the following announcement:—

"BOMBAY MAIL.—The letters and journals brought by the overland mail from Bombay, via Suez and Marseilles, were delivered yesterday. The dates are to the 19th of July."

It will be seen, then, that the boasted news of the cable of the 26th of August was in the letters and journals that were delivered in London on the 19th of August, or six days previously!

Again: The papers of this country on the evening of the 27th of August, blaze in capitals as follows:—

"SECOND PUBLIC DESPATCH
From the
ATLANTIC CABLE.
To-day's
LONDON NEWS.
Further particulars of the
TREATY WITH CHINA.
The whole Empire thrown open to Trade.
Foreign Ambassadors to be received.
Religious Toleration Secured.

"LONDON, Friday, Aug. 27.

St. Petersburg dates of 21st inst., state the conclusion of the peace settlement between England and France and China. The Chinese Empire is to be open to all trade; the Christian religion is to be allowed and recognized; foreign diplomatic agents are to be admitted to the Empire, and indemnity is to be made to France and England. A despatch from Alexandria, of the 9th, says the steamer *Madras* arrived at Suez on the 7th, with news from Bombay to the 19th of July."

Now this beautiful and trustworthy Atlantic Cable concern, and the scarcely less delectable associated press news arrangement, through which only one man was announced as the sole recipient of news from Europe over the cable (as hereinbefore copied), begin to stand out to the public comprehension for—*what they are worth!* Why nobody else but the agent of the associated press was allowed to approach this august cable divinity during all this period of humbuggery, is no longer a profound mystery. But for this arrangement, all the presses of the country could not have been made at the same hour the instruments of this cool imposition upon the whole public of this Union, nor could the editorial corps of this whole country have been made alike the dupes of this one agent at one and the same moment.

"TRINITY BAY, August 27.

"The above is received from Mr. Saward, Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. DE SAUTY."

To the above was appended the following, to keep up the gusto of the thing:—

"MORE NEWS EXPECTED!

"Mr. De Sauty, the chief electrician at Trinity Bay, telegraphs that he expects more news shortly."

To fulfil the last promise, the later editions of the evening papers of the 27th of August, contain the following announcement:—

"ADDITIONAL EUROPEAN NEWS OVER THE OCEAN CABLE
FROM INDIA.
The Gwalior Insurgent Army Broken Up!
OFFICE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY,
Trinity Bay, Aug. 27, P. M.

The only additional intelligence received from London since our report this afternoon, is that the Gwalior insurgent army has been broken up, and much progress has been made in the establishment of order throughout all the disturbed districts."

To illustrate the consummate impudence with which the preceding despatches were imposed upon the press and the people of the United States as genuine London news of the 25th and 27th of August, received from Valentia over the cable, it is only necessary to invite the reader again to the above named London *Morning Chronicle* of the 20th of August, for a long summary of events respecting the pursuit of the Gwalior fugitives by Gen. Napier, extracted from the Bombay *Times* of the 19th of July.

And by turning to the London *Sun* of Monday, August 23d, he will find the following article, copied from the Paris *Moniteur* of the previous Saturday, being August the 21st, and the contents of which were evidently received in Paris from St. Petersburg by telegraph, as early as August the 20th, giving the whole of the news respecting the treaty with China, religious freedom, reception of embassadors, and freedom of trade, contained in the above despatch of the 27th of August, making the news of the despatch six and seven days old here, viz:

PARIS, Saturday, 21st, 6 P. M.—The *Moniteur* contains the following note, which, if correct, will put an end to the Chinese war:—

"A courier who left Tien-Tsin on the 27th June, and travelled overland, has brought to Prince Gortschakoff the intelligence that a treaty has been concluded between China and Russia similar in its general basis to those which have been concluded between China and the other Powers. The ports are opened, the free exercise of the Christian religion conceded, the establishment of consuls admitted, as well as the reception of diplomatic agents in Pekin if necessary. England and France have, moreover, obtained a considerable pecuniary indemnity."

This despatch comes from the Duke de Montebello, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and is dated August 20th. We may therefore conclude that the mandarins sent to negotiate with the allied admirals and envoys had full powers. The most important question is whether the Emperor of China will receive French and English embassies at Pekin. The despatch says such will be accorded "if necessary." China then, according to the instructions for demands given to the allied envoys, is now open to all the world, and the possibility of future difficulties avoided by permission to send embassadors to Pekin.

We are at a loss to understand, how men hitherto reputed upright and honorable in their business relations, can excuse themselves, or hope to be excused by the public, with the above proofs before them, from disavowing their knowledge of the diabonesty of the transactions herein exposed. The imposition is undeniable. To purge the record of their participation in it, would seem to be incumbent upon them, to confess themselves to have been victimised by the artful managers, in common with the world at large.

We have had occasion to use the name, in this article, of Mr. Peter Cooper, and in doing so, we desire to say, that we believe no living man less capable than himself, of giving countenance to a fraud upon the public, of any grade; and much less of the stupendous magnitude, that has dared to suborn the invocation of Holy Writ, and the names and stations of the highest rulers in the affairs of men—the Queen of England and the President of the United States—to its sordid purposes. His whole life is a guaranty against his intentional partisanship in such an act. No more could the editorial corps of this nation aid, knowingly, in such a stupendous farce and falsehood. We shall wait with curious impatience for a response to this exposition, by men on both sides of the Atlantic, who have a responsibility to the public, far above the Sawards and the De Sautys, who have been made principal outward actors in this extended plot of the Ocean Cable and Associated Press Agency. It will afford us, no less than others, the profoundest satisfaction, to know how the extraordinary facts we have presented can be explained, consistently with the just requirements of truth and of the world—and until then, we will forbear further comment. OBSERVER.

Boston, Jan. 17, 1859.

NOTE.—In Justice to Mr. Field it is proper to state that since the above article was written there has appeared in the financial articles of several New York papers of February 1st, this statement. It may be as well to state, as erroneous statements on the subject have found their way into the papers, that Mr. Cyrus W. Field sold one and only one share of his stock in the Atlantic Telegraph during the period when the belief in its successful accomplishment was universal. He is still one of the largest stockholders in the Company.

HOW TO RENDER PHOTOGRAPHS PERMANENT.

Beautiful, interesting, and in some respects invaluable as are the productions in photography, there is one fatal drawback to their value—namely, that their continuance cannot be depended upon; on the contrary, that in all probability they must all, sooner or later, fade away. What the sun gives, the sun will take away; and there seems to have been no certain means devised under the ordinary process to avert this cruel destiny. What is called the "fixing" process is of uncertain and temporary efficacy; and the great desideratum still appears to be to produce the impression of the picture in a material which should be proof against the chemical action of light. Now, having mentioned this difficulty and this requirement, let us add that they appear to have been partially met, and with good prospect of eventual success, by what is called the "carbon" process recently introduced; some account of which may prove interesting to our readers. The principle of this process rests upon the discovery recently made, that the bichromate of potass is sensible to the chemical action of light; and the process itself consists in the application of carbon (which is not subject to the chemical action of light) in combination with the bichromate of potass. The first hint for this method of printing was given about a twelvemonth ago in a publication called "Photographic Notes." The hint was taken up by Mr. John Pouncey, of Dorchester, who carried it out to a successful result. The precise nature of the process employed remained, however, for some time a secret with Mr. Pouncey; but eventually it was determined to raise a subscription to the extent of £100 to testify that gentleman for the time, trouble, and expense incurred in his experiments; in return for which he undertook to give the whole process to the public. The Prince Consort, we believe, headed this subscription with a contribution of £10; and though the whole sum subscribed has only reached £70, Mr. Pouncey has very handsomely waived the balance, and published full particulars of his process, which we reprint for the information of photographers, amateur, and other, who may not have seen it in the regular photographic publications:—

1. Prepare a saturated solution of bichromate of potass.

2. Prepare a common solution of gum-arabic, about the consistency of thin varnish.

3. Prepare vegetable carbon, by grinding it with a muller on a patent-stone or slab, in the same manner that a painter grinds his colors; and be careful that it is ground very fine. It is to be ground with water.

4. Mix together equal parts of solutions 1 and 2—say four drachms of each, and then add one drachm of No. 3.

5. Stir the whole well together with a glass rod, and strain it through the finest muslin that can be obtained.

6. Now apply the prepared solution in the following manner:—Lay the paper, face uppermost, upon a glass slab, or a very level or smooth board; the glass is the best of the two. Commence coating freely with a board camel's-hair brush, laying on a copious supply over the whole surface; and then allow the paper to absorb for about two minutes.

7. This done, remove the superfluous liquid thus:—Take a painter's four-inch hog's-hair "softener," and work it regularly over the paper, with an alternate vertical and horizontal motion, until the whole presents a smooth even surface, partially dry. The drying may then be completed by the fire.

[Operators will of course infer that the whole of these operations must be carried on in a dark room. They should also be informed that any other method of application, including floating, &c., will prove ineffectual.]

8. Expose in the usual way, varying the time according to light—say about four or five minutes in the sun, and from ten to fifteen in the shade. This, however, will be effected by the intensity of the negative, time of year, etc.

9. On removal from the pressure-frame, lay the picture, face downwards, in a flat dish of clean water, taking care to exclude all air-bubbles. It will be found advisable to place some slight weight upon the picture, that the back may thus be retained wholly under water and kept free from stains. The time of soaking may be roughly stated at five or six hours; though in some cases of over exposure pictures may remain in the water for days, and come out equally good.

It may be observed here that, when the high lights of the picture appear soon after immersion, the operator may conclude that he has under-exposed, or that his gum-arabic is too thick, which last fault may be corrected by the addition of a little more bichromate. It is preferable to find the picture developing evenly all over. Each picture must be in a separate dish, and finally washed under a gentle stream of clean water from a tap or a lip-cup. Should the margin not be quite clean, pass a camel's-hair brush carefully over it before rinsing from the tap; and, if needful, any parts of the picture: but the best results are obtained by soaking only.

"MERCANTILE AGENCIES;"

Or, The Japanese Spy-System in New York.

No. III.

We postpone the article on this subject which we had prepared for our present number, to make way for the following paper from a late issue of the *Boston Daily Ledger*:—

THE MERCANTILE AGENCIES.—An article on the above topic was published in the *Boston Herald* of Saturday last, which calls up the reconsideration of the entire question whether these modern institutions are really more serviceable than they are injurious. The *Herald* article embodies a couple of extracts from a correspondent, who is himself connected with these Agencies, and who of necessity looks at the subject only from his own interested stand-point; doing, of course, what he can both to defend the institution and advertise it at the same time.

We quote from the writer in the *Herald* as follows:

"The information contained on the face of the proprietor's books, is a well digested, impartial, and correct account of the standing and reliability of our business men. The mercantile agency does not profess to give law to trade or to merchants. Its end and aim is to *help* the business man to decide and determine his credits, not to pronounce *ex cathedra* when, whom, how much, how long to trust. It is, in fact, a cyclopædia of mercantile knowledge, and is responsible only for the facts stated, not for the conclusions formed."

And in another place he adds:—

"Customers come to the office to obtain accounts with whom they wish to deal, and after receiving such reports as would cause any prudent man to hesitate, sell, in the rush and scramble for trade, large amounts to doubtful men, and when a crash comes, and they mourn over the small division of the debtor's estate, blame the agency for not taking care of *their* business."

And having said thus much, he has said all that can be offered substantially for his side of the question.

"Mercantile Agencies" are professedly established for the purpose of furnishing subscribers honest and impartial accounts of the standing of business men. If the men who manage these Agencies were somewhat above the common run of human nature themselves, and the information they are at the pains to submit to inquiring subscribers were obtained only from proper and authentic sources, there might be something said in favor of their operation; but even then that something would not particularly amount to much, while the present laws and no-laws for the collection of debts are the only support on which these Agencies are to rely. Allowing that a man is set down on the agency books as worth a certain number of thousand dollars, what additional guarantee does that fact furnish, even if it be a fact, that the credit extended to him on account of this Agency certificate does not partake of the chances of the wildest luck in the world?

The writer in the *Herald* says the "end and aim of the Agency is to help the business man to decide and determine his credits." How? Here in Boston, a firm recently failed that stood in the agency books as good for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On the strength of this representation alone, they could obtain credits wherever they wanted them; and yet they failed in the very face of the Agency certificate. How, we ask, could any Agency help business men to "decide and determine their credits" if this case is made to furnish an illustration?

But this question logically suggests another: From whom does this information come? Who furnishes it? Is it always, or even ordinarily, candid and reliable? Do those who are deputed to go in quest of facts that bear upon the mercantile standing of business men, feel so very sure they are never imposed upon by the jealous representations of competitors? Are they certain that *malice* never comes forward and offers statements about rival and more successful men, which, if only set down on the Agency books, are calculated to damage their credit and seriously impair, if not wholly destroy, their mercantile standing?

Out of the numbers that were obliged to go under during the late panic, let the managers tell the community, if they think it prudent, what proportion were on their books as "good" men, to whom the extension of credit would have been a perfectly safe operation. And let them look over another list, and say, if they dare to say it, how many out of those who were set down by them as "doubtful," weathered the terrific storm and finally came out with their flags flying at masthead. Statements like these will, we think, give the public a much better idea of how little these Agencies are really worth as an aid to the business community, than any number of long-drawn arguments, or the presentation of any number of fine-spun theories.

But the chief objection, and that which will be found the most enduring, against this modern system of Mercantile Agencies, is that they are directly based upon a wrong spirit in mercantile affairs. There have been times when spies need not have been sent around to gather up any and all sorts of idle rumors about business men; in those times honor stood for itself, and needed no paltry certificate from rumor-m